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PLAYBIRDS

SPECIAL FEATURE
on
Confessions from
THE DAVID GALAXY
AFFAIR

MARY MILLINGTON IN HULL

GIRLS TOGETHER:
LINDA & JACKIE
SUE & FRANKIE

Plus:
READERS LETTERS FROM:
NUNEATON · CHESTER · NORWICH · GILLINGHAM

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We would like to warn all potential purchasers of this magazine that it contains explicit photographs of both male and female genitals; and material of a highly erotic nature, only suitable for extremely broadminded adults. We warn you of these facts as it is not our intention to solicit orders from anybody who may be shocked or offended by this type of material.

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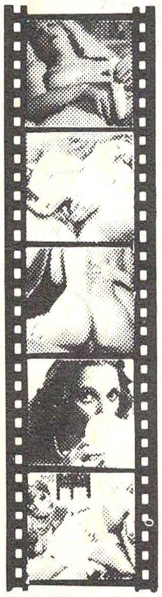

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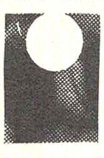

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Publisher and Editor: Bill Edwards.
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The Publishers would like to state that all the photographs in this magazine feature simulated, not real sex and additionally, all the models are over 18 years of age and that all the captions attached to pictures in no way relate to the models who are all professional models.

EDITORIAL

The X-films one sees these days (even in the West End) can generally be relied upon NOT to give the sex-seeking cinemagoer what he really wants to see, i.e. explicit shots of male/female lovemaking and intercourse. It happens, however, that one or two films of this category ARE particularly strong especially Mary Millington's THE PLAYBIRDS and the latest of the EMANUELLE run, EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE-SWAPPERS, both of which are showing NOW at the Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill St. Soho.

The real purpose of this editorial, however, is to talk about a sensational new piece of erotica, CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR, showing at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, London W.1. from June 28th, undoubtedly, this is the biggest sex film of all time, considering the vast expenditure that its production involved (in excess of £2,500,000). So why not be one of the first people to see this truly amazing film and meet Mary Millington IN PERSON and win the chance of a night out with the stars? These are the cinemas to visit:

LONDON: From Thursday, June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus (personal appearance of Mary Millington same night)

BLACKPOOL: From Thursday, July 5th at the Studio Cinema (personal appearance of Mary Millington on July 5th)

GREAT YARMOUTH: From Thursday, July 5th at the Empire Cinema, late night shows only. Personal appearance of Mary Millington on July 6th.

Watch this space in next month's issue for details of more cinemas and more personal appearances, and meet Mary Millington, the lady YOU, OUR VERY OWN READERS, made into a major film star. Don't miss CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR, destined to become the greatest success in the history of the British sex cinema!

Another sex film in the making is Swedish director Gustav Steinhurst's QUEEN OF THE BLUES, which revolves around the exploits of a blue movie queen, who needs a constant supply of cock to inspire her stage act! This promises to be a truly non-stop sex film, full of stripping, nudity, and Lesbian sex. Stars Mary Millington and Rosemarie England. Due for release on 26th July at the Centa Cinema, Piccadilly, (Piccadilly Circus end). Not to be missed. More about this film next month.

Finally a word about a new sex magazine called ROMP (95p), which specialises in intimate sex fighting and Lesbian wrestling close-ups. This is by far the kinkiest magazine on open sale at this moment in time, and the latest issue is well worth a look. It's in most newsagents NOW, or in case of difficulty send £1.20 (includes carriage) to ROMP, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.

COVER GIRL:
This month's delightful cover girl also appears in intimate, close-up detail in the latest INTERNATIONAL COVER GIRLS, the magazine for the discerning male. It's in your newsagents NOW price £1, or in case of difficulty send £1.25 (includes carriage) to: INTERNATIONAL COVER GIRLS, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.

FAITH

FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS!

At present there is a bill going through Parliament, that if passed in its current form, will STOP the sale of ALL GIRLIE magazines from newsagents. This includes magazines like this one and the softer ones. This bill is called the INDECENT DISPLAYS BILL. It's backed by people like Mrs. Mary Whitehouse.

The bill purports to simply wanting to 'clean up the covers of magazines', the bits actually displayed, we do not object to this. HOWEVER, THIS IS NOT HOW THE BILL IS WORDED – it will in effect stop the sale of ALL GIRLIE magazines. **Nipples** will be banned from even the insides of magazines and the clock will have been put back THIRTY YEARS. WE NEED **YOU** to do something about this **NOW**!

Please write a letter of Protest to:
1) Your M.P. c/o The House of Commons, Westminster, London SW1
2) The Home Secretary, The Home Office, London SW1. Urge them to oppose the indecent displays bill.
3) Write to the M.Ps who are actually sitting on the Committee and who will review the Bill. These people are: Mr. Vivian Bendall, Rev. Robert Bradford, Mr. Peter Brooke, Mr. Alan Clark, Mr. Walter Clegg, Ms. Maureen Colquhoun, Mr. Patrick Cormack, Mr. Richard Crawshaw, Mr. Hugh Jenkins, Mr. Brynmor John, Mr. Patrick Mayhew, Mr. Ernest Perry, Miss Jo Richardson, Mr. Hugh Rossi, Mr. Terry Walker, Mr. John Watkinson.

TELL THEM HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS LATEST EFFORT TO RESTRICT YOUR RIGHT OF FREEDOM.

FAITH

Faith, featured here, is just eighteen-years-old. She's one of the lovely 'new faces' who make their screen debut in the new British sizzling, sex comedy CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR. Faith and every model and actress who appears in this film is ravishing. In addition to featuring Faith and Britain's leading four sex symbols (Diane Dream, Rosemarie England, Debbie Delight and Mary Millington), CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR features a host of NEW sexy females appearing in a feature film disrobed for the first time in their lives! 'Confessions From The David Galaxy Affair' features Miss Birmingham, Miss Bournemouth and numerous other beauty queens from other towns in Britain in fabulous nude/topless beauty competitions. If you'd like to see Faith's screen debut and the screen debut of a score of other lovelies in a really hot sex comedy, that will appeal to BOTH sexes then make sure you DON'T miss out on CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR, showing from Thursday June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, London, and look out for a personal appearance of Mary Millington ALL DAY at the cinema, she'll be giving away signed autographed photos to everyone going to see her film. See page 3. Watch out for Mary Millington and 'Confessions From The David Galaxy Affair' at a few selected cinemas around Britain SOON!

Continued on page 9

MARY MILLINGTON IN HULL

Re-visiting a place I like is always a pleasure for me, and going back to Hull was doubly so as it turned out. I had a tremendous experience in Hull on this visit, one that left me breathless, with a sort of inner glow you can only get from a period of good sex! The main reason for me going back to Hull was to visit a certain bookshop that had recently opened. They were taking a number of the magazines I am featured in, and we thought it would be a good idea if I showed my face for a day in the shop, and served a few customers etc. I am used to working in a bookshop, having spent a lot of time in the Whitehouse shop. I had a very rewarding day, signed some photographs, and met some very charming people. When I tell people that a number of couples buy our mags they raise their eyebrows, as though sex magazines are only for the male population. I admit that the majority of my readers are male, but we have an enormous female 'following' and that pleases me. I don't feel as though I am in a male orientated world as much. The young lady in the shop was very sweet and helpful, making marvellous cups of coffee, and it was her, I will call her Carol, though that isn't her real name, who introduced me to the fella who taught me a few things I didn't know. I'll call him Joe because Joe is a husky sounding name, and he was some husky man, dressed and undressed.

At the end of the day Carol asked me what I intended doing. I hadn't got anything special in mind, though I did remember a certain public house near the docks where I'd had a good and happy time on my last visit.

"I'm going to a sales party," she said. "Something like a tupperware party you could say, only I will be selling from stock... this stock!"

Now what a marvellous idea, a party with loads of sexy books to look at, and as long as they were the books I am connected with I was more than happy to lend a hand. She assured me that she would know most of the guests, that there would be no mass sex orgy going on, maybe a bit of kissing and cuddling, but certainly no public screwing! To make it more attractive, men and women would be of equal numbers... she hoped. If there are too many men, you can end up with a flea in your ear for talking too intimately with someone's boy friend. Dress was to be informal of course, so I went back to my hotel, had a bath, changed my knickers and put on a new blouse and a pair of white pants that always seem to bring me luck. I was as eager as Carol to sell a few magazines, I wanted all the luck I could get. She picked me up outside the hotel at eight, her boot was full of magazines, brand new, and I was delighted when she told me she had brought a couple of my novels, my sexy adventures etc. I advise you to read them if you haven't had that pleasure yet, you could be surprised what I have go up to in, my life so far!

She drove a few miles out of Hull towards Grimsby, to a lovely detached house. The couple who owned the place, Roger and Francis were being given half a dozen magazines for consenting to the party. There were six couples there when we arrived, and the fellas helped carry the parcels of magazines into the house... they can get pretty heavy you know, must be all that sex and pictures of M.M.! Carol introduced me around proudly, it was quite a coup having me stringing along. I talked to two girls for quite a while, they were most interested in what I did, asking me what it was like to pose naked, how I felt about thousands of men looking at my body every day of the week, the usual things I am asked. But all the time we were chatting, my eyes kept being drawn to a handsome man, leaning against a wall near the record player. He smiled a number of times and my heart beat a little faster when he did. He was gorgeous, too beautiful if anything. Dark hair, wide shoulders and slim hips, and very piercing blue eyes. But there is one thing that always puts me off very handsome men, they are usually so big-headed! They are so accustomed to having the girls flocking around them they get leery, if that is the word. When they talk to you they do so as if it is a favour, and when they take you to bed you have the feeling that they are doing you a good turn by screwing you. And on top of all that, they make lousy lovers! The best lovers are usually ordinary guys with ordinary pricks. One of the best jumps I ever had was with a little fat guy who kept his steamed up glasses on all the time!

A little later, when the party had warmed up and we had sold some magazines, I asked Carol who the handsome hunk of a man was.

"Oh, that's Joe," she said, blushing. "He is ever so nice, and absolutely marvellous in bed! I went out with him once until I met Harry... over there, that's Harry, we are engaged to be married. I'll introduce you to

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Joe, he must be dying to meet you, I know he thinks a lot about you, he's spent a fortune on mags that feature you."

He shook my hand and smiled disarmingly, and I felt a tremor go right through my body, sparking from the end of my breasts, and lingering a long time between my legs. I don't know about you, readers, but I get this sort of tingle when I meet someone I take a real fancy to. I want to go to bed with them, I want to be held in their arms and made passionate love to, and that is just how I felt when I met Joe at the party.

He led me to a small sofa and we sat down and talked. He had a soft warm voice, and he didn't look at me as though he was mentally stripping me, but his eyes kept flickering towards my breasts, which were bra-less, of course, and I was conscious that my nipples would be pushing the front of my blouse, I daren't look down in case he noticed.

"I missed you the last time you visited Hull," he said, "and I was very sorry, and envious of the lucky guys you met. I've often wondered if you were for real, or just some girl that publishers took on. It's a bit of a con trick you know."

I asked him exactly what he meant by that!

"W...ell," he drawled. "In some magazines you see the same model with a different name, and all that bull that is written... Fiona loves to ride horses in the early hours of the morning, and she is quite an accomplished painter... and all that. Next month she is called Elvira, or some such stupid name, and she likes fast cars and working on her father's farm in Yorkshire. There is one girl, a coloured girl who is very lovely mind you, and I have seen her in four different magazines, with a different name each time.

"My name is Mary Millington," I told him, "and you will only see me in the magazines I am connected with. I am the same Mary Millington who appeared in 'Come Play With Me'. They don't just use my face implanted on someone else's body, what you see in the magazine is the real me."

I must have spoken with some vehemence because he laughed and patted my hand. "I'm sure you are the one and only Mary Millington," he said. "You look like her!"

"I am her," I muttered, "for two pins I'd strip off here and prove it!"

"No, not here," he said, softly, staring into my eyes almost mesmerising me.

My breath tightened in my chest, it had been a long time since I had been so instantly attracted to a man, I could almost feel his strong hands caressing my globes, and I felt as though they would blow up and burst!

"This shindig is nearly over, just the booze to drink, and you know what that means, hands pawing around, it could get embarrassing for you. I have my car, let's leave as soon as we can."

"Yes," I croaked. "I'll just have a quick word with Carol, and we can slip out."

I wanted sex, make no mistake about that, I wanted sex... but only with Joe, he had an animal aura about him, I knew we would make fantastic love together if we had the chance, and from what he was saying, we would have the chance.

"I have my own place Mary, I am unattached, there isn't a little woman lurking in the background." He pressed my hand gently, running a finger along my palm. God, my gusset was getting moist!

I managed to catch Carol as she came out of the loo. I told her I was slipping away with Joe.

"I don't blame you Mary," she smiled. "He's gorgeous isn't he? It's probably best if you go, one or two of the guys have been eyeing you up and down, and wondering if you are really as lovely without your clothes as your photographs show!"

I had brought a fur wrap with me, so slipped it on and went out by the back door, after saying goodnight to my hosts of course.

"You must visit us again," he grinned. "Francis is bi-sexual, I reckon she would like to take you to bed!"

And I guessed he would like to join in as well!

Joe was waiting for me in his car, the engine running.

"Fancy a meal first?" he asked. "I know an excellent Chinese in the centre."

That endeared him to me, even though I ached to get into bed with him. He wasn't going to rush me, we would work up to our love-in slowly. I kept glancing at him as he drove along, he was so good-looking, and I just hope he wouldn't be a letdown in bed.

So we had a leisurely meal, and he told me something about himself. He used to work on the fishing fleet, his father and brothers still did, but the sea hadn't really appealed to him, he suffered from being sea-sick, so he now worked for himself, a jobbing builder whatever that means. It must be manual work because his hands had a roughened look about them, and he worked outdoors, I could tell by his skin. In my opinion he would have made a marvellous Tarzan! Incidentally, mentioning Tarzan, I remember some years ago I edited a couple of stories entitled 'Nazrat the Ape Man', they were extremely funny and very sexy; Nazrat is, of course, Tarzan spelt backwards! After the meal, when we had got back into his car, he turned to face me, reached out a hand and gently touched my cheek.

"You're a very lovely girl Mary, and I think you know I want to make love to you."

"I know you do," I whispered, "and I want you to make love to me."

He kissed me softly on the lips and I shivered all through. I longed to grab him, take out his prick and wank it furiously! As he moved back to start the car his hand brushed over my breast, and my nipple fairly jumped with excitement. We didn't say a word as he drove to his flat... he went rather fast mind you, but I didn't care, I wanted to be with him, naked, warm and comfortable. I would do anything this man required, just as long as he gave me the screwing I so urgently required. I know I am sexy, very sexy, but with Joe I was a nymphomaniac!

"Just down this road," he murmured, swinging the car around a corner fast so that I lurched against him. I put my hand to his lap to steady myself and felt his thick prick. I didn't do it on purpose, honest, it was the

way he went around that corner! What I touched for a few seconds thrilled me. Although he was limp, his prick was thick and long.

He parked on the front and we went in.

The flat was made for love, from the lounge to the bedroom. Lighted by soft lamps that glowed in the corners. He took me in his arms and really kissed me warmly, his tongue slipping into my mouth and curling against mine. I felt his prick stiffen against my belly as we held each other close. His hand went up the back of my jumper to stroke my skin. My nipples felt fit to burst, and I can't describe how I felt between my legs. I must have felt like a lady reader did after her husband came back from abroad after an absence of two years, just aching to be made love to.

"I am going to undress you Mary," he whispered, "and carry you to bed."

I stepped back a pace so that he could unfasten my blouse. He opened it fully, gazing at my firm breasts, then palmed each one, squeezing gently, my nipples peeping through his fingers. I glanced down at his pants, and opened my eyes wide. The front was tenting out, he had a tremendous prick!

He took my blouse off and caressed my shoulders while he brushed his lips from nipple to nipple. I was nearly coming and he hadn't touched between my legs. There is a zip down the front of my trousers and he drew it down slowly then unfastened the single button at the waist. I had my best pale blue knickers on, and as he eased my trousers down he pulled my knickers down part way, so that my groin was bare. His hands caressed my hips and thighs, he kissed me again, I held him tightly, crushing my breasts against his chest. After he had kissed me he dropped to his knees and finished undressing me. His lips went to my tummy, his hands stroked my legs and thighs, I thought I would faint from the pleasure as he was kissing me, and when I felt his tongue delve into my slit I couldn't stop the low moan in my throat.

He stood up then swung me into his arms, lifting my legs from the floor. He smiled down at me and kissed me gently on the mouth. I had my arm around his neck, my breasts close to him.

"To the bedroom wanton wench," he grinned.

He took me into his bedroom and dropped me on the bed before switching on a table lamp. He looked at me for some minutes, his eyes so soft and warm, then he started to get undressed while I wriggled into the centre of the bed. Joe was a man who kept himself fit, there wasn't a spare ounce of fat on his body, his muscles rippled. When he took his trousers down I gasped, both with amazement and delight. His prick was very hard, it clung to his belly, I would have great fun twanging that later, once we had taken each other the first time. His thighs and groin were shrouded in black hair, and the end of his prick glowed in the dim light. He joined me on the bed and we curled together, our lips meeting in a sexual kiss, our mouths open, our bodies squirming. I widened my legs as he moved his hand down my belly. Two fingers crawled along my clitoris, stimulating me to a peak of excitement. I played with his prick, working it harder and bigger, I could hardly get my hand around it, and when I rotated my finger over the sticky eye he moaned in his throat, bending his head to suck a hard nipple into his mouth. He chewed it and bit it, not hard, but enough for me to feel an erotic jab of pain. He stroked my body sensuously, slid his fingers in and out of my pussy, I gripped his hand with my thighs, and rocked my bottom, very near to climax.

He came between my legs, and I raised my bottom, feeling his big prick prodding at my curving sheath, then he speared into me. In seconds we were humping violently, I could hear the squishing of my love juice as he fucked in and out, in and out. That oh so sweet longing churned through me, I was with a lover who knew how to fuck me, my slit felt like a furnace, a hot moist furnace. My thighs threshed wildly, I was going out of my mind with lust, I wanted it to go on forever, keeping coming and taking his magnificent prick. His hand rubbed me gently over my clitoris as he screwed, then up to my tit, making the fiery point slippery in his fingers.

The sugary spasms began to twang at me, I roseup to meet his rapid thrusts, and cried out for him to fuck me stiff. I felt him come, like spewing lava from an erutping volcano, filling me with delicious warmth, making his prick squish louder. I bicycled my legs and hips, gripping his spunking prick, there was a wild dance going on inside me, butterflies were let loose in my sleeve, each sex cell seemed to be melting, and with him coming deep inside me I began to steam into a wonderful orgasm. I was a suction pump full of honey and I churned on his thick hard rod, my tits swollen, the nipples rigid. My cunt turned to liquid, he mouthed a nipple, still screwing into me, making me rise to yet another orgasm, even more intense than the first.

I was sobbing with pleasure as he eased away from me, his prick shrinking down, but his fingers took its place, gently finishing me off.

I just grabbed him, kissing him madly, crushing my body against his, the perspiration streaming between the valley of my breasts.

"That... Mary, was quite something," he murmured,

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

READERS IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT Mary Millington's film

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(Cert X)

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LIVERPOOL Kirby Cinema, 20th May. **BIRMINGHAM** Grove, Dudley Rd, 21st May.
PETERHEAD Playhouse, 23rd May. **ABERDEEN** ABC 3, 24th May.
NOTTINGHAM ABC2, 27th May.
BELFAST Avenue, 28th May. **LEVEN** Troxy, 28th May.
HOLLOWAY Odeon 2, 3rd June.
WINCHESTER Studio 3, 7th June. **HIGH WYCOMBE** Palace, 3rd June.
AYLESBURY Odeon 3, 3rd June. **ROCHESTER** Odeon 2, 3rd June.
HULL Cecil 1, 3rd June. **BERKHAMPSTEAD** Rex, 3rd June.
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Odeon, 3rd June. **DOUGLAS** (I.O.M.) Regal, 5th June.
BEDFORD Granada 2, 10th June. **OXFORD** ABC 2,10th June. **WOODBRIDGE** Cinema, 10th June
BRAINTREE Studio 1, 17th June. **NEWPORT GWENT** Odeon, 17th June.
BLACKPOOL Maximes, 17th June. **CHESTERFIELD** ABC 3, 17th June.
LEEDS Plaza 17th June. **LONDONDERRY** Rialto, 18th June.
WINCHESTER Studio 3, 3rd June. **DOUGLAS** (I.O.M.) Strand, 19th July.
DOUGLAS (I.O.M.) Strand, 16th **BLACKWOOD** Maxime 1, 17th June.
CHESTERFIELD ABC 3, 17th June. **YEADON** Studio 1, 24th June.
COVENTRY Odeon 3, 1st July. **ST. ALBANS** Odeon 3, 1st July.
SUDBURY Gainsborough, 1st July. **CARDIFF** Plaza, 1st July.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Studio 2, 15th July. **FAVERSHAM** New Royal, 15th July.
DOUGLAS (IOM) Strand, 19th July.
DOUGLAS (IOM). DOUGLAS (IOM) Strand, 19th July.
DOUGLAS (IOM), Strand, 16th August. **PORTSMOUTH** Palace, 12th August.
WOLVERHAMPTON Odeon 2, 13th August. **ALDERSHOT** Palace, 26th August

(These dates are published as a guide but subject to last minute alterations).
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kissing my hair and stroking my thighs. I couldn't speak, I was still breathless with the excitement.

We lay together talking words of love for a long time, and his hands were so marvellous when they touched me. I caressed his prick until to my delight is stiffened again.

"Come over me," he whispered, "I want to look at you as we make love."

"I'll have my back to you," I whispered to him.

I felt very hot again as I squatted astride him and I swatted my curly-silken mound at his throbbing tower, then I notched my slippery cleft on to it. I knew he was staring at my back, my narrow waist and flaring hips. I pumped up and down until Joe was groaning.

"Please Mary," he croaked, "come away from me, I can't touch your breasts. Kneel down my darling, let me fuck you like that."

I crawled from the turgid stem and kneeled on the bed. I felt him crowd up behind me, his hands spreading the moons of my bottom, and for a second or two he put his prick between them, sliding along the cleft. I fell to the bed, he came closer, his cheek next to mine. He kissed me on the cheek, and I kissed him, his prick still nestling against my buttocks. His arm came around me and I watched him as he caressed my heavy breast, my nipples protruding pinkly between his fingers. His hand moved down my tummy to my thighs, framing my pubic hair. He lifted me, and pushed forward and I saw his prick end protruding between my legs. He slid slowly to and fro, not inside me, but slicking along my cunt. I raised on one elbow, sliding my thighs further apart, then teased his prick end with my fingernails as it stuck out between my legs. I gasped when he suddenly tucked his prick inside my sleeve. He fucked me in that position passionately, supporting the lower half of my body, and ramming his prick in over and over again.

After some minutes of this rather frenzied sex, he withdrew, pulled me back into a kneeling position, and once again rubbed his slippery prick along the groove of my buttocks. For a moment I was afraid, but he didn't he dug into the right hole, held my hips tight and rooted deeply into me. I gripped my thighs tighter, making the friction of his pumping prick tighter. I climaxed, a shuddering delicious climax, and still he pumped into me, his prick getting larger and larger with each lustful thrust.

I took every inch of Joe, and adored it, and when I felt his hot gush stream into me my arms buckled and I fell face down on the bed, legs apart while he still carried on ravishing me.

My head throbbed, my body ached, my nipples were sore, but I didn't give a damn, I was with a superb lover.

We had a shower together to clear the sticky perspiration from our bodies, dried each other off and returned to the bedroom. We had fucked each other marvellously twice, now what else was in store for me?

Oral love.

And what delicious oral love it was, Joe was just as good at that as he was at fucking.

He didn't just 'dive' in and suck at me, he kissed me from head to foot, right down to my toes, then back up my legs, in between my open thighs and then to my hole. His tongue wormed in and out, creeping as far as possible up the sleeve, then he rubbed his nose against my clitoris. I came three times like that, then he lay down on his back and I fellated him, putting all the skill I knew into the act, so that when he did come it was just as wonderful for him as it had been for me.

He took me back to my hotel the following morning, and all I wanted to do was sleep. The maid kindly let me take to my bed for a few hours!

Alright, so I have gone on about Joe, but wouldn't any girl who had been so 'successfully' loved? It isn't very often I rave on for so long about a guy, but Joe was one in a million, a handsome man who wasn't conceited... and he had cause to be conceited you know... a man who made sure his partner was fully satisfied. So many men just fuck and that is that, Joe made love, and believe me there is a hell of a difference.

I was woken up by a telephone call from a gentleman at the office who will remain nameless! The idiot wanted me to bring him some fresh fish back with me when I returned! "Fish is cheaper in Hull, or Grimsby, go down the docks darling, have a word with a fisherman, you'll get enough fish for a quid to last me days!"

Can you imagine me, tripping down to the docks in search of fresh cod, wearing a see-through blouse and white trousers that showed off my shape to perfection? Can you imagine the things that were said to me? I got my fish, and one hell of a time in a pub at lunch time! The fishermen of England are in a class of their own. Of course they swear and say things they shouldn't, but I never heard one word out of place when they were with me. I have heard so-called gentlemen 'fuck and cunt' it in some of London's exclusive clubs, guys who were supposed to be 'it', but could not control their tongues in front of a lady, and I consider myself a lady, so don't forget! Those lads in Hull, rough and ready and smelling of fish, drinking pint after pint of bitter, made me feel a lady. Never a wrong word out of place, those men are gentlemen.

I left the docks carrying my smelly cargo, wishing I had never agreed to it. What would my car smell like on the way back? As I was leaving that evening I put the fish straight into the boot, I daren't take it into the hotel with me... it was that sort of hotel.

There was a call for me, would I get in touch with Carol? I did so and she was all ears as I told her what had happened between me and Joe.

"I told you he was good Mary, he is worth writing about!"

She was right there, just telling Carol about it made my pussy tingle, and after I had rung off, I lay down on the bed, naked, my favourite vibro in my hand, and tried to re-live those passionate moments. I had orgasmed for the second time when the phone went again. It was Joe.

"No use honey," he said, a lilt in his voice. "I can't work today, see you in half an hour, just a few yards from your pad."

I went out, looking for his red car... no red car in sight. I strolled slowly along the street until a hoot stopped me. There was Joe, covered in cement I

Continued on page 13

FAITH

Continued from page 4

MARY MILLINGTON IN HULL

Continued from page 8

imagine, sat behind the wheel of a pick-up. I got in and he drove away.

I didn't know what to say when he remarked, quite casually: "I'd like to marry you Mary Millington."

I was tempted to say yes, I was sorely tempted, believe me. In bed he was fantastic, but I didn't know the guy, and he didn't know me. Fucking plays an important role in a marriage, but you don't spend your life reaching sexual climaxes, other things come into it as well. I can be terrible to live with. In a morning I don't wish to be spoken to, just a cup of coffee in silence. Joe could be a chatterbox! I can be very moody if things go the wrong way... ask the director of my films, he has felt my tongue... and not on his prick either! I can be a bitch when I want... and I can also be very loving. I told Joe, as gently as I could, that marriage between us was impossible, and he just grinned and pressed my knee while getting around a large bus.

"Alright Mary, I do understand, but we gelled last night, we were made for each other in bed. Everything we did was perfect, and one doesn't find perfection every day in the week."

Then he drove around to his flat.

I sat on the edge of the bed thinking a bloody lot about Joe, while he took a shower. How does a girl know when she is in love? This love at first sight business, does it really happen? Were my feelings for Joe purely physical?

I have been in love many times, I have been hurt many times, and the men I have loved has also been hurt. He came into the bedroom a towel around his waist, his body shining from the scrubbing he must have given himself. I stood up and went into his arms, resting my face on his shoulder, tears springing to my eyes. I did want to stop with him forever at that moment. I wanted his strong arms around me, feel his muscular body close to mine, and when he gently unfastened my trousers I could have swooned. At that moment I loved him passionately.

He undressed me tenderly, so tenderly I couldn't describe, but every girl reader will know what I mean. His hands were soft as they caressed my glowing body, and when he laid me down on the bed, I opened my legs, looked up at him, stars in my eyes, and held my arms out.

His stiff prick entered me, I curled my legs around his back, kissed him open-mouthed, then begged him to fuck me out of my mind!

The feel of that massive prick sliding smoothly in and out will live with me forever. His hands on my breasts and down to my thighs, his hoarse words of passion as he neared his climax, my own words of passion as the thrills shot through my body, I can hear them now as I write. The sensing of his body, the sudden jerk of his hips as he drove in as far as he could, his teeth on my neck, my cry of pleasure as I climaxed with him. They are but memories now, memories that will live forever in my mind.

And afterwards, surely an important part of making love, his prick still inside my hole, slowly dwindling down to its limp size, then slipping out and nestling between my thighs. There was no need to speak anymore, our thoughts were together.

"I have to go," I said, eventually.

He kissed me gently on the mouth and touched my left breast. "I'm going to miss you Mary Millington," he whispered, pushing his tongue into my ear.

I clung to him, tears once again in my eyes. What the hell was up with me? He was only a man, a man with a prick he knew how to use. There were hundreds of men built just the same, with the same size between their legs. I didn't know him, he could be a proper bastard, the sort that beats a woman, for all I knew.

"Fuck me again," I murmured, "please Joe, fuck me again before I leave you forever."

He moved between my legs as though he had been doing it for years, and slid into me perfectly. I closed my eyes, wishing it could go on forever, clamped my thighs around his, rising my bottom up from the bed. He clasped my buttocks tenderly and did it slowly and lovingly, each movement thrilling me to the core. I think then I realised just how man and wife make love, tenderness with every movement, happiness with every intimate touch and caress. My orgasm wasn't a screaming and wailing thing. It was a slow rise to the clouds, a fusing of his body to mine, his prick buried to the hilt, his come joining mine in love. I held his bottom tightly for ages afterwards, not wanting to let go, not wanting his flesh to ever leave me.

But everything has to come to an end. I got dressed, made up my face and walked into the lounge. He followed me a few minutes later, just wearing his trousers.

"The offer is still open Mary Millington," he murmured. "I want to marry you."

"Oh Joe," I whispered. "Me, you want to marry me? It wouldn't work darling, I love my job too much. Someday I want to make it in films, suppose I do. Would you want to be known as Mister Mary Millington, the husband of a sex queen? Thank you my darling, at this moment I think I love you... tomorrow, who knows?"

With that speech, fit for any 'B' movie, I left him.

That occurred many weeks ago, and I still look back on Joe with an enormous amount of affection, or love, I don't know. Since that time I have slept with many men, have reached many orgasms. Sorry Joe, I wouldn't have been the gal for you... sorry. Love Mary.

Note: Was our Mary in love with this gentleman? We know at the office that she was very withdrawn for some time after she came back from Hull. She's okay now, going out on her travels with a grin on her lovely face, enjoying her sexual adventures. To Joe we will say this. You affected Mary like no other man has ever done, you must be quite a guy. Good luck to you, and may your life be a long and happy one!

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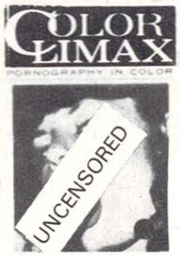
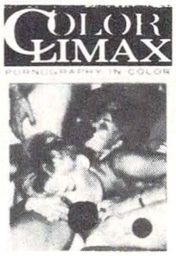
ISSUE 102
The petrol attendent is tied up and robbed by three girls, but laying on the floor he can see up their skirts and gets a hard on. They notice this and start to tease him, sitting on his face, fondling each other, and licking his cock, to a group oral orgasm.

THE HORSE BOX
ISSUE 103
Anna's horsey friends get quite frisky when they hear that she is being fucked by a great stallion and when they see her sucking him off and then push her steaming pussy over his giant cock, they all join in.

THE OFFICE PARTY
ISSUE 104
First of all the office boy is fucked by the M.D.'s secretary, then she starts on the big guard dog. At the same time the cleaning lady can be seen stuffing a broom handle up the wet pussy of a young girl from the typing pool. And so it goes on.



SMALL TOWN DICK
ISSUE 105
Only one thing matters to the Ladies of Brimstown and that is Dick's prick. They will do anything to be fucked by him and he makes sure they do. Candles, rolling pins, brooms, three men at once and his dog. It all happens in this magazine.



LIVE SHOW
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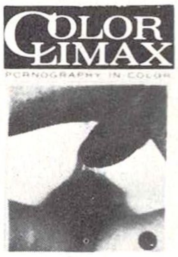
Set in a London theatre, the actors are auditioning for a new play with lots of sex. While imitating the sex act some of them get carried away and soon rock hard cocks are getting into every pussy in sight. Also lots of cock sucking.



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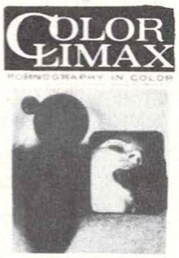
She is very beautiful and sex mad. So much so that her husband hires three young men to satisfy her. Just imagine three steaming cocks all relieving Lady Smith together!



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INTRODUCING DAVID GALAXY – this story is based on the character of David Galaxy; the sexy astrologer and likeable rogue who now has a great feature film based on his sexy adventures. The film, entitled CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR, is an explicit sex romp which will appeal to all readers whatever their age or sex, since its so funny. It stars Mary Millington, Diana Dors, Bernie Winters, Anthony Booth, and Alan Lake, as well as three top sex symbols, Diane Dream, Debbie Delight and Rosemarie England, plus twenty of the most attractive beauty queens in England including Miss Birmingham and Miss Southampton. We hope you like this story, and that you make the trip to see CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR. This great sex film is showing from Thursday June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, and look out for it at a few selected cinemas around Britain, travel to see this film as it will not be showing at all cinemas around Britain.

DAVID MAKES 'IT' WITH HIS SECRETARY

I've already told you that, at my consulting room in the West End of London, I have this young secretary bird. Her name is Susan and she was so well up on astrology when I started in business as an astrologer myself that I had no hesitation in hiring her. That was a year ago. I have also told you how I found out she had made a peephole in the wall of her office looking through into my consulting room so that she was able to peep through it and see what was going on in the room between me and some of my girl clients and the younger women who came to consult me by appointment. I have never, so far, let on I knew there was a peephole in the wall because I did not want to make her feel embarrassed.

Susan is only nineteen to my thirtyish. She is tall, slim, with long straight brown hair, dresses up to the nines, has a beautiful face and looks very, very sexy. As soon as I engaged her to work for me I made up my mind I would not let my desires for her run away with me. She was to be my secretary bird and that was to be that. So many birds of all ages come to and still do come to consult me and also to have sex with me in my room because I very often con them into it, for I like a screw a day at least and, if not that, a hand-wank or a blow job on my eight inch prick of which I am very proud. Either female clients pay me for my astrological horoscopes and forecasts for their futures, or I get to have sex of some sort or the other with them in lieu of payment. I now have a thriving professional business. I also write a weekly column now in a newspaper giving astrological forecasts and predictions as most astrologers do in all the dailies and weeklies and evening papers. Susan, my secretary, arranges all this for me and types the copy for me and sent it off for Press dates.

She knows I have sex in my office and I bet many is the time she has watched me through her peephole having it away with the females who consult me. At home where I live in digs – a sort of converted flat – there is a girl called Jo who lives on the floor beneath mine and who has taken a shine to me. On nights following days that I have not managed to make it with any girl in my consulting room I usually take Jo out to dinner or to a show and afterwards have her in bed with me upstairs in my place. So, all round, I have as much cunt as any man can manage and my prick gets stretched out big as much as any prick can stand!

But – on a certain Tuesday morning last week, when business was pretty slack due in the main to the onset of Christmas – Susan, looking very sexy and attractive in a short red dress and black stockings, came into my room while I was drawing up some instant horoscopes to sell to the female punters who saw me. Her attractive young face looked pale and she appeared to be worried.

> "SUSAN IS NINETEEN, TALL, SLIM WITH STRAIGHT BROWN HAIR AND VERY SEXY..."

"David," she said, "I have something to say to you."

"If it's a rise you want for Christmas," I smiled at her, "you've got it already. Five quid more, tax free, as from this Friday. Okay?"

"Okay. That's fine and thanks very much. I will look forward to getting that in my cheque," she replied.

She sat down on the chair reserved for my clients by the side of my desk. I saw her short red dress go up and give a flash of black stocking top, white thigh and red suspender as she crossed her legs. I also caught a flash of white drawers.

"Thanks for the rise," she said again. "But, actually, David, it's another sort of rise I wanted to talk to you about."

"What sort of rise can there be other than a salary rise?" I asked.

She looked suggestively down at my lap. I was, that morning, wearing a pair of thin linen trousers of immaculate white, topped with a black shirt and white tie. Very flash and sharp! I, too, looked down at my lap and at once the sort of 'rise' to which she was referring became quite obviously connected with my prick. I instantly thought of the peephole and of all she must have seen of my risen prick through it – plus all the rest. Who was to tell of it first, I wondered. Susan or me?

"I have become obsessed by you," said Susan.

"You have?" I said, with a hint of the usual David Galaxy pride in my voice.

"You might not know it," went on Susan, "but, three months ago I drilled a hole in the wall of my office next to my desk where you could not see it and when I look through it I can see right into this room and see your couch and all that goes on on it," she went on.

"You don't say," I said, sure now that I was not going to let her know I knew all the time about the peephole.

Her white face had gone its usual natural, healthy pink again and her eyes were bright and sparkling because she had got over the worst of her confession,

"I have peeped through that hole so often," she went on, "and watched you taking your trousers and your undies and in fact all your clothes off and being tossed-off by girls and sucked by them. I have also seen you fucking them in all positions and watched your big prick going in and out of girl's cunts and seen your bottom going up and down on them and admired your body and your long, thick cock and your swingy balls I have been driven to poking myself while I have been watching you, for I have so badly wanted to be those girls having it away with you. But you have never, ever, approached me in that way, David."

"I have always been afraid it might impair your marvellous efficiency as my secretary bird," I replied.

"Oh no David," she said. "It would make me even more efficient. Believe me, if I had been invited to fuck with you say, after business hours, from time to time – it would have brought joy to my heart. I have no man friend of the moment simply because I am crazy about you, David."

She recrossed her legs, more slowly this time and once again I had a flash of her tight white knickers up at the tops of her divided thighs. I had always made a firm effort to avoid wondering about what she might be wearing to the office under her sexy clothes each day and I had often wondered in the mornings when I arrived at the place about whether or not she had been fucked the night before. Now, it seemed, she had not, for she had been languishing after my prick all the time.

"I also did not want you to think I was the typical boss whose wife did not understand him and who wanted sex with his young secretary," I went on.

"I know bloody well you are not married by the income tax returns I fill in for you," Susan replied. "And I see no reason why I should not be a secretary whose boss wants to have sex with her. Specially since we work together all day and every day and there are often times we are completely and totally together with each other, like now for instance."

"And you have liked what you have seen through the peephole?" I asked, hoping for more compliments from her.

"Just loved all I have seen of you, that is," enthused Susan. "But, each evening I have gone back to my lonely bedsitter and back to my parents house over weekends longing to have you in my arms and your great red prick up between my legs and wanted to hold it in my hand and work it off for you and hold your bollocks in the palm of my hand and make them all swell up like I have seen girls in this room do for you. Every day I have come here wearing pretty knickers – new ones each week, just in case you suddenly made grabs for me and wanted to know what I had on under my clothes. And I so often look into men's underwear shops and want to buy you pairs of the latest continental mens' briefs and slips and so on and to give then to you and to have you put them on specially for me. But it has all been in vain."

I saw her look down at my white trousers. Inevitably, with all this very sexy talk going on, my prick had grown up to its full eight inches and it sure was showing up under my thin white trousers and the small pair of transparent slips in white see-through material I happened to have out on that morning.

"Yes," I smiled in acknowledgement of her glance and unasked question, "I am on the horn for you because of all you have been saying to me."

"Oh David," said Susan, her face all lighting up. "You really mean I have given you a horn?"

"But of course you have," I smiled even more broadly this time. "I've also seen your tiny white drawers up your dress the two times you have crossed your legs, haven't I? That's enough to give me a stiff prick anytime."

"And you really were interested to see my knickers?" enthused Susan, her face now happy and flushed.

"Tell you what," I said, "just you go through to your office and lock the main door up and if anyone calls or rings the bell for a while, they will just have to go away and come back another time!"

"Oh David," was all she could say as she hastened out of my room. I heard her locking the office door with a loud click. In a second, she was back in my room. By that time I was standing over by the couch. Susan came up to me, undid the waistband of my trousers, let down the zip and pulled my white trousers down to my ankles. I stepped out of them. She unbuttoned my shirt and peeled it off my shoulders. She stood back and looked down at my white transparent slips through the diaphonous scantiness of which she could see the full horn I was on, see the red knob already wet with desire – see my balls large and solid within the confines of my inflated ballbag. She pulled off her red dress and stood in front of me, her breasts spilling out from her tiny half-cup bra, her miniscule white linen knickers showing dark brown hairs peeping out of the inner sides of the elastic legs. She took off her bra and then her drawers. She had a lovely, long, smooth and slim body with a small waist, lusciously curving hips and a wealth of brown hair over her pubic region. I could see her lips were already wide open.

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"You look even greater now I am close to you than you look through the peephole," enthused Susan, stroking my bare thighs, feeling round my slim waist, putting her hands over both cheeks of my bottom as she pressed herself into me, letting my stiff prick stand up straight and firm between her body and mine.

"Is it true, really true David, that I am at long last standing up naked in this room with you, naked but for your slips and that it is not just another girl I am enviously gazing at through the hole in the wall?" she asked.

"It's really true. It really is happening. All of it," I told her.

She went down on her knees and took my prick in her hands and kissed the wet knob.

"Such a divine prick," she murmured, pulling the skin even further in order to expose as much more of my knob as she could. Her other hand went between my open thighs to hold and to palm and to caress my hot balls.

"You are such a terrific man," she said, starting to rub my cock in her clasped hand. I straddled my thighs – happy to let her have her way with me and to wank out my spunk. From time to time she stopped wanking and put her mouth right over my slippery knob as if she could not make up her mind whether she wished to suck my stuff out of me down her throat or whether she wanted to toss it out and have the thrill of watching it all spurting out. When I told her I was about to come, she went on wanking, so I realised she wanted to watch it all happening. I looked down as I started to come.

Susan let all the white, sticky stuff shoot out all over her naked breasts and onto her red stiff nipples and down to her bare tummy. The stuff just spurted out at her and all over her, including her cheeks.

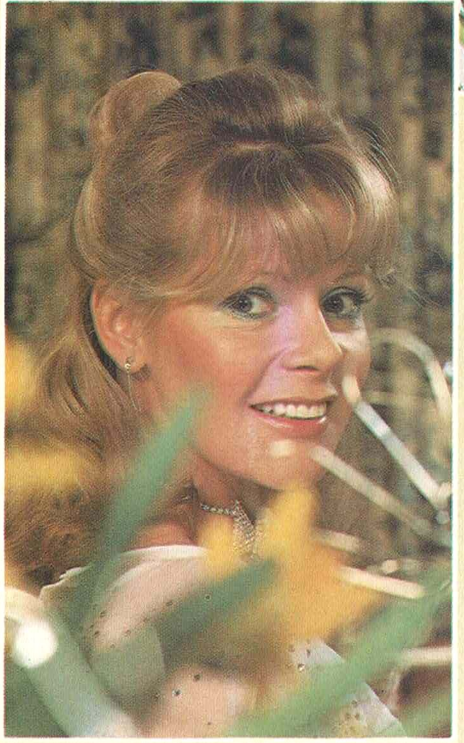
When I had finished shooting, she stood up and looked down at my still stiff and upstanding cock.

"Will you have time to fuck me?" she asked, anxiously.

In answer, I laid her on her back on the couch, opened up her legs and started to suck her. I fluttered my tongue eagerly against her clit and then shot it, fluttering, into her deep, wet, wide hole. She just

Continued on page 77

WELCOME BACK MARY!



We are pleased this month to feature a set of pictures of the celebrated 'Mary Millington. This is the first time we have featured Mary for several months as Mary has been working on several feature films. We hope you like this set, if you do why not see Mary on the Big Screen in:

THE PLAYBIRDS still showing at the Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill St. Soho.

COME PLAY WITH ME the film which made Mary a star showing as part of a FOUR HOUR sex spectacular with Emanuelle Meets the Wife Swappers at the Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill St. Soho.

CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR Mary's new film. The strongest and best film yet. Showing from June 28th at the Eros Cinema Piccadilly Circus, London, July 5th Studio Cinema Blackpool, Empire Cinema, Gt. Yarmouth (late night shows)

QUEEN OF THE BLUES, In which Mary plays a Blue film star, actual release date not known at present.

LOOK OUT FOR ALL THESE FILMS AT A CINEMA NEAR YOU! Look out for these PERSONAL APPEARANCES of Mary:

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Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus. June 28th
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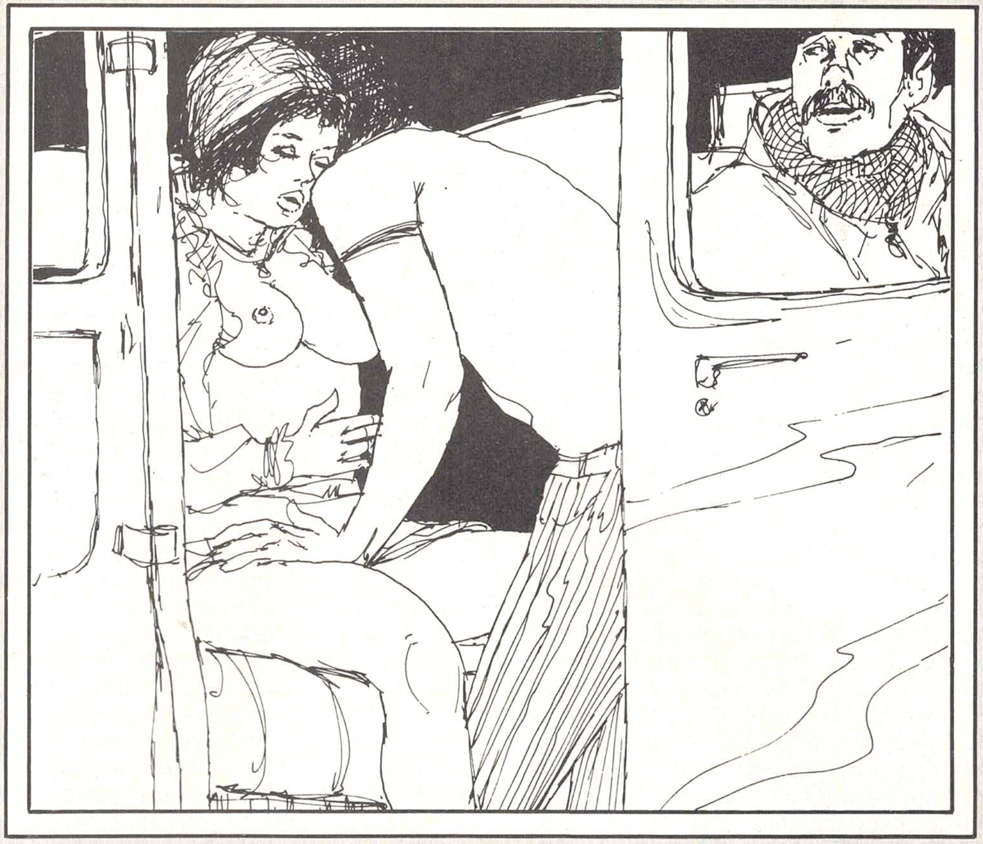

PRIVATE VIEW

By PERRY JAMES

Mark took a tentative sip at the glass of vinegary white wine which he had held like some monstrous growth in his right hand since arriving at the gallery, and took a long sardonic look round the assembled company. He was supposed to be writing the private view up for a gossip column, but there was precious little interest in his eyes as they surveyed the gaggles of debs and socialites and artists and plain old-fashioned scroungers who filled the place; after all, he'd seen almost exactly the same crowd at the last private view he'd covered for his magazine, and expected to see them all at the next one. How could he possibly think up anything new to write about them, when they themselves were so hard put to think up anything new to say to one another? True, there was such a thing as poetic licence – it was his stock-in-trade when reality itself fell short of expectations – but there was also such a thing as the law of libel, and his editor had had occasion to warn him recently about some flights of imagination which might well be thought of as objectionable.

But what on earth could he say about that gormless looking heiress in the dress made out of translucent silk scarves, the girl who was openly replenishing her wine glass from a bottle of brandy in her handbag? Thanks to Mark, the readership of the magazine knew her as a good time girl without rival, a Seventies Flapper, no less – but what he and everyone else present knew, that she was an insatiable dyke with a fondness for using a strap-on dildo on your girls, could never be published; so every month it was, 'Filthy-rich Betty Harlowe spotted whooping it up in style at exciting new surrealist Ben Lyall's opening party in the Stroheim Gallery...' And never a word about what went on in the chauffeur-driven Bentley afterwards, the pretty little teenager from a good home being fucked by the randy heiress as the car sedately cruised round the West End – no, he couldn't expect them to print any of that.

Where was exciting new surrealist Ben Lyall anyway? Mark thought his paintings boring enough, and five minutes conversation with the man himself, an earnest Northerner who happened to know the right people on the art circuit, had confirmed his opinion that the artist responsible would have to be pretty moronic, to say the least. Still, everyone said that Lyall was going to be the next best thing since Hockney, so the magazine would hardly take it kindly if they were prevented from getting on the bandwagon right from the start; so 'exciting' it was. Perhaps if Mark actually got a few choice quotes from him, he'd be able to write the piece from that point of view, and let the fellow's crassness speak for itself... Bugger it! There were two art critics from national newspapers flanking the radiant (i.e. 'half-cut') Mr. Lyall, and when they recognised Mark approaching their little group, they dexterously steered the great man out of reach. The journalist swigged at his wine, grimaced, and threaded his way to the far end of the gallery to see if he'd missed anybody famous or trendy among the guests. One complete circuit of the place and he'd feel free to go for a proper drink.

Mark stopped dead in his tracks, transfixed. Not three paces from where he stood, someone was actually *looking at the paintings!* He swallowed hard, looked round quickly to see if anyone else had noticed this extraordinary departure from normal behaviour, but everyone around him seemed determined to ignore the young lady in question, as if such lack of cool was beneath their contempt. Intrigued beyond endurance, and not recognising the woman from the rear, Mark went up and stood beside her. She was a tall auburn-haired creature in her early twenties, dressed in a trendy cocktail dress of some scarlet stuff, cut low across the tits in an Empire Line, but stopping just below the knees instead of reaching to the floor, giving her a little-girl look in the process.

Suddenly the girl looked sideways at him, showing a broad pale face of even features, very pale grey eyes set wide apart and an impish mouth which was already puckering into a smile. Then she turned back to the painting in front of her and said in a quiet voice: "He's cheated on the flesh tones." Mark got her to repeat the remark, and then – no art expert himself, however many private views he'd attended – let the girl point rapidly with bright red fingernails to the crude brushwork and unfinished tinting of the female nude she had been studying. The girl seemed so calmly assured in what she was saying, and so knowledgeable that she could actually say which areas had been painted in daylight and which in artificial light, that the young journalist found himself listening spellbound. She was utterly without pretension, and when she remarked that the painting made the girl look as though her tits were about to fall off, he saw she had a sense of humour as well.

On closer inspection Mark say that the painting was every bit as badly executed as

"HE'D ONLY KNOWN HER FOR TEN MINUTES AND HERE HE WAS WITH HIS HAND UP HER SKIRTS..."

the young lady in the cocktail dress – by the way, what was her name?

"Sarah," she replied, moistening her lips and looking at Mark with a quizzical expression. "You do the gossip column don't you? Someone pointed you out to me earlier. Well, don't bother writing my name down, I'm not trendy enough for that – as a matter of fact, I wasn't even invited here tonight, but I do quite a bit of painting in this style myself, so I was interested to see if Ben Lyall was as good as he's supposed to be. He isn't. So now I can go home with a clear conscience."

Naturally enough, the young journalist asked where home might be, and two minutes later the pair of them were walking towards a taxi rank down the road from the gallery, leaving the baying demi-monde far behind them. They'd both drunk enough of the cheap white wine to lose a few inhibitions en route, and it came as no surprise to either of them when their hands entwined and their faces met as soon as the cab pulled away from the kerb. Mark's tongue was down her throat in seconds flat, and the girl responded by thrusting the top half of her nicely rounded body into his chest with a movement of supremely wanton invitation, as if challenging him to go even further while they were still in the back of the taxi. Without bothering whether or not the cabbie could see what was going on through his rear-view mirror, the young man scooped his hand inside the low bodice of that tantalising cocktail dress and got a firm grip on one ripe sleek teat, a warm bulky fruit which the cup of her bra could only just contain. As his fingertips sought for the nipple to tease and tweak it into a state of erection, Sarah moaned in the back of her throat and transferred her mouth to the side of his neck, as though she were a vampire about to bite, nibbling at the jugular vein and smearing her lipstick all over his collar.

Mark felt his cock pulsing inside his pants in time with the beating of his heart, and he knew beyond a shadow of doubt that if he had to stand up at that instant he would have shown the world a tent-on of heroic proportions. As always in these situations, he wondered how far the girl would go before getting cold feet – after all, he'd only known her for ten minutes or so, and here he was with his hand up her skirt, running his fingers over the front of her crotch in the warm tights she had on and feeling the responsive jiggling of her loins as she became more and more randy beside him. Still in the same mood of experimentation, and only half expecting her to comply with his tacit demands, he caught hold of her slim wrist and pulled her slim lithe hand into his crotch, wrapping her long fingers round the enormous hard bulge in his trousers, making her feel what he had in store for her. The sexy young artist fondled and kneaded this token of lust for a few seconds, then her fingernails found the catch of his fly zip and she tugged it over the mound of his hard-on and jerkily down until it was fully open, so that his stretched pants flopped through the slit; it took her two seconds to hook his cock out from the hole in the Y-fronts and stroke it rigid.

Now Mark had been working hard for the past few days, and the opportunity for sexual release simply hadn't presented itself to him, so that when he felt Sarah's cool clever fingers peeling his foreskin down over the head of his knob and gently rubbing the collar of loose skin over his most sensitive parts, he realised it would be only a matter of seconds before she brought him to the point of no return. Already the slit at the very point of his prick was weeping clear fluid, and he could feel his pent-up come bubbling in his hairy balls, just longing for the chance to leap out and spray the girl

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"SARAH TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND SUCKED HARD ON HIS ERECT TOOL..."

with the auburn hair who was now leaning over his lap and wanking him with slow firm jerks of her hand, making his shaft wince with every downward tug.

Mark sat paralysed, his hand still cupping one gorgeous breast which was now resting on his thigh as the girl got her head down in front of him and kissed the side of his pole, nibbling at the thick corded vein in his root. Did she realise how close he was to spunking off all over the place, or was she just playing with fire for the fun of it? The taxi was still sweeping through the back streets of West London, at least half a mile from the address she'd given the driver; if he didn't seize his chance now, he'd have to go through the hassle of stuffing this ridiculous prong of a hard-on back inside his flies; in the course of his social career he'd had to cope with worse extremities, but all the same, it would be so delightful simply to sit well back for comfort and safety and forget about controlling his orgasm, forget about everything except this mouth, these hands...

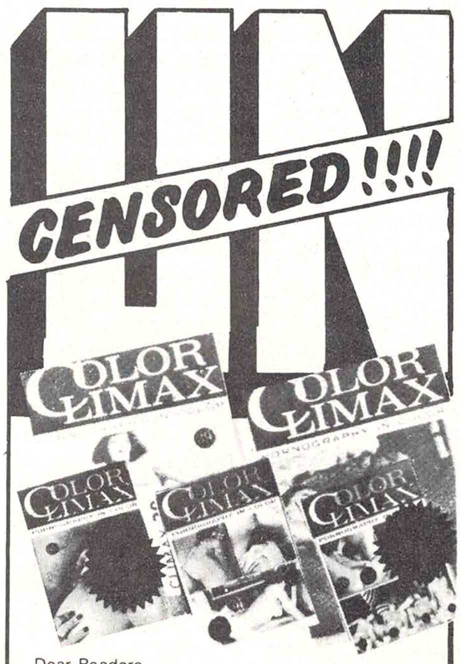
As the thick gristly cock twitched in her hands, Sarah let out a muffled cry of surprise – muffled because her lips were engaged in kissing the top of his ballsack – and raised her auburn-haired head in alarm. Mark grabbed hold of her thick luxuriant tresses and tugged her face into his crotch, spearing her protesting mouth with the jerking sticky point of his cock, thrusting upward from the hips until his arse left the seat and straining her against him. Sarah moaned once more in the back of her throat, took a deep breath through her pretty nostrils and sucked hard on the recoiling pole in her mouth, feeling the gouts of sperm spatter into her throat and spray the roof of her mouth as Mark emptied his balls in rapid violent spasms. There was so much of it and it was so thick and salty, the girl had to swallow hard and fast to cope with it all, her gullet working overtime to drink it all down as more and more spunk flipped up from the fat head of his erection, coating her tongue and even her teeth with its warm unction. The young journalist watched the houses go by in a daze, staring out at the street and the traffic with a beatific expression on his face, his fingers massaging the back of Sarah's head, pulling her rhythmically onto the convulsing middle leg which was still kicking and spurting between her rosy lips. If she'd thought she could get away with sexing him up, she'd been proved to be very much mistaken!

Just before they reached her street, some sixth sense made the girl sit up and look out of the window; then she hastily adjusted her clothing and licked a stray gob of spunk from the corner of her pretty mouth, already preparing to disembark while her companion bent the moist softening limb back inside his pants and somehow managed to do his flies up just as the cab halted outside her flat. The cabbie never suspected a thing, but he did allow himself a horny leer at Sarah's shapely frame as the artist wiggled up the steps to the front door, key in hand. Mark gave him a generous tip and the man winked conspiratorially. "I 'ope it's worf it!" he grinned. If only he knew!

Sarah lived on one floor in a block of purpose-built flats, and her studio was the living room, a large oblong with big windows facing north, and along the walls hung several completed canvases, all of female nudes and mostly painted with a great eye to detail. Mark went straught up to one of them, a tall portrait of a naked woman standing with her feet wide apart, hands on hips and staring straight in front of her, with a peeled banana curving wickedly from the hair-fringed slit of her cunt. Having so recently had an object lesson in painterly detail, the young journalist was in a position to appreciate that the artist had taken great care to make the portrait realistic, however surreal the intention of the painting might have been. There was something oddly familiar about the face of the girl in the picture, and he asked her if she'd used a model. For answer, Sarah disappeared behind a screen, to emerge a few seconds later with a dark wig on her head – it was a self-portrait!

On entering the flat Mark had been quite prepared to relax with a drink and pretend admiration for the inevitable display of artwork, leaving all thought of sex till later, but now that he was confronted with a blatantly erotic painting, and the woman who had painted it had also posed for herself, naked and with a banana up her cunt, he felt his recently sucked cock stir again inside his pants, and he had the overwhelming urge to throw her to the floor and fuck her half to death. But before he could make any move in that direction, Sarah had pulled out from behind the screen a full-length mirror of the type originally called a pier-glass, and lifted up the hem of her cocktail dress so that her visitor could see her crotch in its reflection, demonstrating how she had originally posed to paint the portrait. Inflamed by the sight of her dark triangle of hair nestling in the sheer crotch of her tights, Mark walked up to her and got his hands over her arse, squeezing the meaty cheeks together and practically lifting her body off the floor as he crushed her to him. And when he asked her to pose for him with the banana, the girl giggled and rolled her eyes roguishly, obviously delighted in his interest...

Mark would gladly have stripped her himself and performed the insertion of the fruit at his own leisure, but Sarah was determined to put on the show herself, so while he sat back and sipped at a glass of Scotch, she put some music on her tape deck and disappeared once more behind the screen. At this time the private view would be grin-



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"HER WHOLE LOWER BODY TENSED UP AS HE GOBBLED THE LAST BIT OF BANANA FROM HER JUICY QUIM..."

ding to a close, and he thanked his stars that he was well out of it. Should he strip now, or just sit and watch? He was still making his mind up when his hostess stepped out from behind the screen, still wearing the little red cocktail number but without the tights, and one glance at her bosom told him that she had also removed the bra. His excitement mounting, he leaned forward in the chair as Sarah placed one of her naked feet on a high barstool alongside the mirror, so that the hem of her dress rode up along her thigh, exposing a few wisps of pubic beard. In her hand she held an unpeeled banana of massive proportions, and Mark realised with a start that she must keep a supply of them handy. He longed to drop onto his knees and suck her pussy long and hard, but something told him that the girl was running the show her way, and would resent any kind of disturbance, so he sat and watched in sexual fascination as she slowly peeled the firm banana and then held it between her spread thighs while her other hand got to work on her cunt.

Never in his life had he seen a woman putting on a performance of this nature, and it excited him to such an extent that he was forced to pull his knob out once more, so uncomfortable was the pressure of his swelling hard-on, and at the sight of it Sarah's eyes glazed over momentarily, no doubt still savouring the taste of his spunk on her tongue. Very slowly she raised her dress to her waist and pressed the point of the banana into the yielding plump lips of her quim, sticking it an inch or so up into the entrance of her shaft. At the sight of this white firm pole spreading her lips and nosing into the pink meat of her cunt, Mark's cock throbbed fully erect and it was an exercise of extreme self-control to remain in his seat without rushing forward and fucking her. But if he had done so, he would have come up against a rival in the shape of the peeled banana which was now being sucked up into her gash, the smooth pale curve of it slowly disappeared bit by bit as she removed the skin from the base of it and tensed her muscles in thigh and belly, swallowing the fruit in little regular jerks and fingering her exposed, swollen clitoris at the same time.

After a few minutes, just the bottom end of the banana could be seen protruding from her inner lips, and Mark realised that she must have filled her sheath with it completely. In a coquettish voice his hostess asked him if he was hungry – taking the hint he knelt in front of the stool and sucked at the protruding fruit, tasting the lovely tang of her cunt juices as they streamed down into his greedy mouth. Sarah moaned and shivered all over, watching him in the mirror as his teeth sank into the banana and tugged it down an inch, ate what he could reach and then repeated the operation, until he was half-way through the juice-soaked flesh of it and the taste of her pussy filled his mouth. And all the time the thrilling young artist worked her fingers around in a circular motion just above his nose, churning the sexual skin of her little man until she was on the point of orgasm, her whole lower body tensed up and ready to explode as he gobbled the last bit of banana from her wet juicy quim, savouring her taste and licking his way all over the opened-out lips, nibbling little pieces of tender flesh in between his teeth and making the point of his tongue vibrate into her soft sheath until she came.

Mark had never heard a woman climax with such fervour before, never had a girl thrust his face into her cunt with such passionate abandon. Sarah was practically shaking herself to pieces with the violence of her orgasm, jiggling her crotch and buttocks and making her heavy bristols lollop around like a couple of jellies inside the bodice of her dress. Eventually she subsided enough for him to get to his feet and give her a passionate tongue-kiss, tasting his own sperm on her lips and making her savour the tang of her cunt-juice as their lips writhed together.

It was the work of a moment to pull the cocktail dress up over her head and push her back bodily onto the carpet, her now naked knockers trembling and quivering with lust, the little pink nipples thrusting up proudly from their peaks like firm little thumbs. Mark wrenched the girl's legs apart and stabbed his cock in to the hilt, surprised to find it go in so easily until he remembered that she must be used to giving herself big firm bananas regularly. Sarah wrapped her knees round his waist and massaged his rigid tool with her cunt-muscles, trying to pulverise his erection as he slammed away at top speed, his fingernails clawing at her flanks and breasts, then returning to her buttocks and nipping her arse; this triggered another shattering climax in her, which in turn made him lose control yet again, fighting for breath and holding her luscious bum cheeks off the floor with both hands as his prong twinged inside her sheath and then vomited high up inside her, filling her with thick flying sperm while she moaned and writhed beneath him, one hand gently milking the spunk from his hairy balls.

The intensity of their mutual orgasm stunned them both, and it was some time before they were ready to resume. And when, much later, she asked him to pose in the nude for her to paint, he demurred, saying that he had his reputation to consider!

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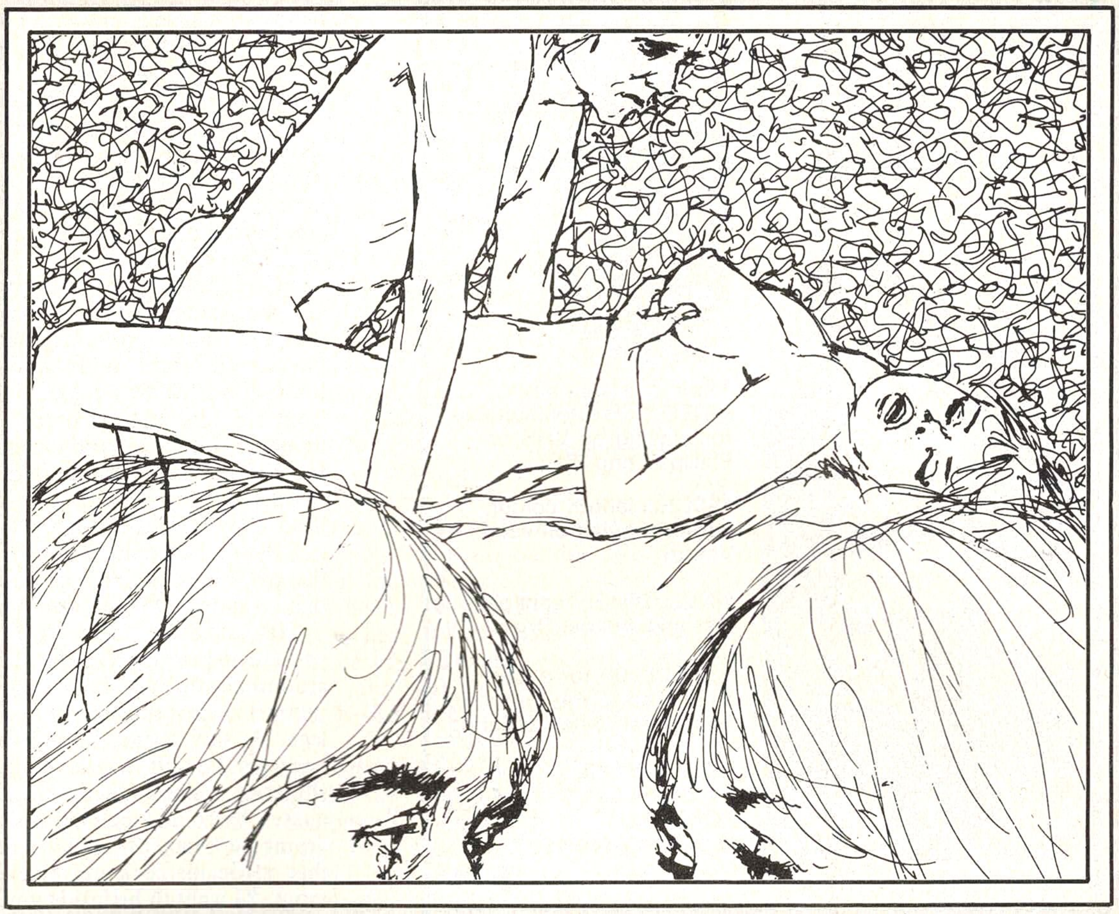

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO EX-LOVERS

Introduction: Have you ever wondered what you would say if you met an ex-lover, a person you hadn't seen for many years, a person with whom you had spent many happy hours making love? Maybe the happy hours you spent formed the basis of some of your sexual fantasies, maybe in your mind it seemed better than it actually was, maybe she wasn't as passionate as you thought, maybe his prick wasn't as big as your memory makes it! The passage of years and fond memories often enhance. The following is a dialogue between two ex-lovers who haven't seen each other for many years. The words in brackets are their unspoken thoughts. The couple are Sandra and Donald, they are now forty-five-years of age, they were lovers when they were twenty-three-years of age. Sandra was married to a vet, Donald married to a school teacher. They worked together in a shop, and that is where their lovemaking took place, in the stockroom, in the cellar, wherever and whenever they had the chance. At the time they believed they were in love, and that was their excuse for making love. It is a wet afternoon in March, Donald is tired of knocking on doors, no one wants to buy his brushes… then he knocks on number forty two…

DON: Good afternoon madam, I wonder if you would be interested in… god Sandra!

SANDRA: It's… it's Donald isn't it? Donald, what on earth… what are you doing, after all these years?

DON: Selling brushes! You don't look any different. (A bit fatter maybe, and a few lines and your hair is darker. Nice tits though). Can I interest you in a brush?

SANDRA: Come in Donald, you are wet through. ‘God, after all these years… he's getting a belly on him, and he's losing his hair. Who would have thought it, I was crazy about him). I'll get you a drink, sit down… take your wet things off.

DON: Thanks Sandra, good of you. (Some place, Derek must have done pretty well for himself. Mmm, still has that wiggle to her backside, and the hips roll. She was a fuck and a half, the juiciest cunt I ever screwed. Gives me a tickle thinking about it). How's Derek?

SANDRA: We were divorced years ago, I caught him in bed with Theresa Thornton… you remember Theresa? (You ought to, you once told me you fancied fucking her!) He said he only did it to get his own back on me, he knew about you Donald, and what we meant to each other. I've put a drop of blackcurrent in your rum. It'll warm you up.

DON: Thanks Sandra. Well well, after all these years. I didn't know you lived round here.

SANDRA: Only for the last few months. George, he's my husband, was moved to Nottingham. How's Betty?

DON: (snorting) I haven't seen her in fifteen years Sandra. Know what, I was making love to her one night and I called her by your name! She never quite got over it, I told her it was past and done with, but the rot set in. She left me, and I've no idea where she is now.

SANDRA: (Telling lies as usual). Fancy talking ahout me Donald, I'm surprised at you! (You had a lovely prick Donald, I've thought about it many times). Why aren't you still in a shop?

DON: It's a rat race isn't it, so I got out. (The boss's wife was a lovely shag, if he hadn't caught me on the job I'd have still been there. Your tits look luscious Sandra). This isn't a bad job, I like the open air life.

Sandra sat next to her ex-lover, a surge of excitement coming over her as their legs touched. She thought about the first time they had fucked, up against a wall in the stockroom. It had been an awkward fuck but she'd had a marvellous orgasm, her inside had seemed to turn inside out. She took a deep breath.

SANDRA: I have often wondered what had happened to you over the years Donald. We had some good times together… I thought the world of you and when you were transferred to another branch I was upset. (Upset, darling I cried for a week, and wouldn't let my husband touch me. Funny that, when we were fucking I still let him fuck me… but he wasn't as good as you. God, I'm dribbling!)

DON: I thought a lot about you Sandra… I always get a bit itchy when I think what we did together. (I'd better be careful, I'll be getting a horn! She seems

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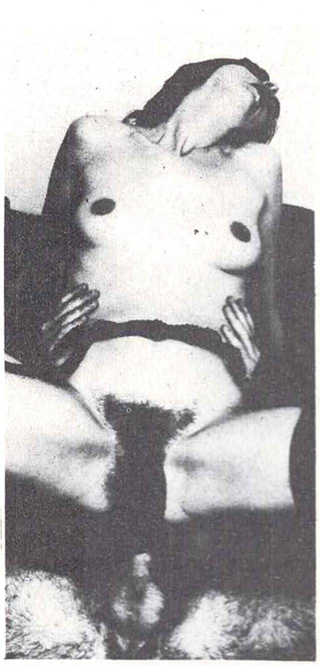

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happily married now). Your husband seems to have a good job.

SANDRA: Oh he has a good job Donald, he's always at work. (He neglects me Donald, I haven't had a good jump for a long time, and certainly not as good as the ones we used to have in that stock room...)

"God, but I want you," panted the young Donald, kissing the girl hard on the lips and pressing his lithe body against hers. His cock was bulging the front of his pants, drops of moisture dribbling from the end. He slid his hand up her overall again, roaming it over the hot flesh above her stockings.

"Please Donald," moaned the girl, "we shouldn't be doing this... mmm, Donald, don't..."

He silenced her by his passionate kiss, his hand working around her thigh until his fingers pressed against the hot vee of her legs. A shiver ran through his body as he felt her love juice slithering along her knicker gusset, he could smell her sexual aroma, a pungent earthy smell that made his cock quiver even more. "I want to be inside you," he muttered, worming a finger under the knicker elastic and touching the sticky outer lips of her cunt. She felt her resistance vanish, her legs slid apart, her back pressed against the wall as she jutted her pelvis forward.

"Oh Donald," she croaked. "I want you so much... no... we shouldn't... ahh...!"

He had found her clitoris and was stroking it, his mouth on hers, his tongue foraging, his body jerking. He fumbled with his pants, and took his cock out. Her arms gripped his shoulders when she felt his hot flesh against her leg.

"Fuck me Donald," she muttered. "I want you to fuck me."

He slid her knickers down over her hips, her sexual aroma stronger, and gently poked his swollen knob-end against her cunt lips. This was difficult, he couldn't get his cock up her. She bent her knees slightly, he gripped the cheeks of her bare bottom and thrust, grunting as he felt himself go up. Sandra caught her breath as his thickness penetrated her body... he was so big and thick, bigger than Derek. They found a rhythm, she moved her bottom to and fro as they fucked steadily yet passionately. He could hear his cock slurping in her wet sleeve, smell her arousal. He rubbed a finger over the small brown hole and she gripped him tighter, her body more urgent now.

"I wish I had you in bed," he grunted, "so that I could play with your tits. Mmmm, your cunt Sandra, it grips my tool."

He kissed and nibbled at her neck, holding her steady with his hands as his cock slid in and out, in and out of her juicy twat. Faster and faster he went, until with a croak he buried deep, his come spurting into the wriggling girl. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders, she found his mouth with an open kiss, the breath gurgling in her throat as she met his ejaculation with her own climax...

SANDRA: Like another drink Donald... the colour is coming back to your cheeks now?

He watched her pour another drink, remembering the time he had fondled her bottom while buried deep into her wet cunt. She'd always had a wet cunt, it didn't take much to get Sandra going, a quick fingering and she was asking for cock. It was a shame they never slept together, a night with her would have torn his cock off! She handed him his drink.

SANDRA: So you have never thought of getting married again?

DON: No Sandra, I rather like the bachelor life, it suits me down to the ground.

SANDRA: Going where you want, doing what you want I suppose! (And fucking who you want you ram).

DON: I wouldn't say that, I don't bother with many women, they aren't worth bothering about. Nothing but grief and woe... for a few seconds of ecstasy! You know Sandra, only two girls have ever really affected me that way, you and my ex-wife. Just being near to you gave me obscene thoughts! You remember how we used to laugh about what we did when we couldn't make love? I told you I tossed myself off thinking I was with you, and you said you played with yourself. Was it true Sandra, I mean did you play with yourself... or just get fucked by Derek?

SANDRA: Cheeky thing! If Derek wanted me I imagined it was you, it was the only way I could get a thrill out of it. I used to get jealous thinking about you and Betty... even if you did tell me you weren't doing anything to her... I didn't believe you! (Of course you were fucking your wife, you were so randy those days, a cock that didn't want to be soft. Wonder if it still gets so stiff and big?)

DON: I got jealous thinking about Derek shoving his tool up you. That afternoon, the first time did it, and I told you to let your old man fuck you that night, just in case. I tormented myself silly thinking about him fucking you. (I was glad he did fuck you honey, there was every chance I made you pregnant!)

SANDRA: Suppose you had made me pregnant that day, what would we have done?

DON: Don't know, and that is the honest truth. It would have been tricky wouldn't it? Still, Derek would have thought it was his.

SANDRA: He would have known it wasn't his… he could never be a father, he had some tests that proved it! (That would have frightened you to death if you'd known it, and we wouldn't have made love again!)

DON: (You monkey Sandy, the times we fucked, it's a wonder you weren't shacked up) We would have had to run away together Sandra.

SANDRA: You… you would have done that? Left your wife and run away with me?

DON: Course I would (and I think I would have done as well, I thought a lot about you kid, and you were a wonderful fuck. I bet you still are). When you think, we did everything in that bloody shop, we never even went out together, those little signs we had, then into the stock room or the cellar for a quick one.

SANDRA: It was a funny affair Donald, we never really got to know each other fully, I used to dream about you naked in bed! Funny that, I never once saw your cock, only felt it, (but I imagined what it looked like, standing up stiffly, waiting to fuck me… or for me to suck it. I'd have loved to suck you Donald, and feel you come in my mouth). It's a wonder we weren't caught, the chances we took.

DON: Jill knew what was happening, (you bet she did, I had to fuck her once to keep her mouth shut). I think I'd better be going Sandra, I'm having lustful thoughts about you, I told you that only two girls could get me hot quickly… and you are happily married now.

SANDRA: Who said I was happily married? And anyhow, I haven't seen what you are selling, I might want some brushes. (Don't go Donald, I want you to fuck me for old time's sake. I want to see your stiff cock, I want to suck it. We could go to bed Donald).

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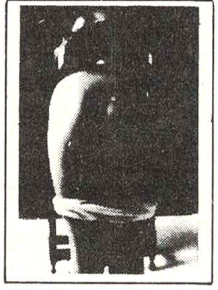

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DONALD: Well… I'll stop a bit longer, but I am warning you! (I wonder if she would let me fuck her… I want to, god knows I want to. I can see most of her thigh, and at the top is the nest I used to go into, a juicy passionate nest. I wonder if she still gets wet?)

She poured another drink, and his heart thudded in his chest as he stared at her plump backside, and when she bent down her dress rode up and he saw the backs of her thighs. Gently he touched his rising tool. She sat down by him, her leg pressing against his.

DON: You are having an effect on me Sandra, like you used to have.

SANDRA: I can see I am. (Your cock is getting erected Donald, we are going to have fun, fuck, I know it! I'll pull my dress a little higher, and your cock will want me)

DON: All this rum is making me randy Sandra, I'm telling you, watch out! (I'm sure I can smell her cunt wanting cock. Maybe if I tell her about some of the times we had it will get her going). Do you remember that time we were alone in the tea room, and we wanted each other?

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SANDRA: I'll never forget it Donald, mmm, I shiver thinking about it. You were on that rickety chair, you took your cock out, and I came over you, pulling my knickers to one side so that you could get inside me. You seemed ever so big then, it filled me right up.

DON: That was because I could play with your breasts. I liked playing with your breasts, your nipples got so stiff and hot. It lasted a long time that fuck.

SANDRA: I did it on purpose, I enjoyed it so much. Remember, I lifted my overall up to try and see you going up me, but I couldn't. I always wanted to look at you when we made love, but it was impossible. (Oh Donald, touch me, kiss me, do something before I go crazy and rape you! Your cock is hard, I can see that, put your hand up my dress and give me a feel, I want to feel your fingers probing me like they used to do).

DON: Funny isn't it, we wanted the same things. I used to think about you naked on a bed, your legs wide open, your hands holding your cunt lips apart so that I could see you properly. Hey, we'd better stop talking like this, or else I'll be pushing your back on the sofa!

SANDRA: If you did push me back I wouldn't stop you. (That is an invitation Donald, take me up on it… please).

DON: I… I'm going to kiss you Sandra… mmmm (you do want fucking Sandy, yes I know you want cock, God, touch my cock again, ah that's better, your hand is so warm, my tongue has found yours… your legs are hot, thank god you aren't wearing tights, I can feel your juicy hole… it seems bigger somehow… and hotter). Don't pull it too hard Sandy, you'll make me come!

SANDRA: No one has called me Sandy for years. You always called me Sandy when we made love. Your cock is so stiff darling. I can see it in my hand, so thick and wanting me. Let's go to bed Donald and fuck as we always wanted to.

They went up the stairs arm in arm, their hearts beating fast, Donald's erection jutting from his pants, Sandra's knicker gusset soaking with her love juice. Donald watched her slip out of her dress.

DON: (A little fatter of course… and I didn't realise she had so much hair between her legs. That little cunt I fucked so many times, now I can see it, see the cunt juice glistening. God what tits, heavy, but those nipples, they are stiff already. I wonder if she will let me fuck between her tits? I wonder if she will suck my cock? I'll show it to her and watch her face, that will tell me what she will do).

SANDRA: (Oh dear god, his cock, so big and thick, I want to hold it first, then kiss it, then lay back and let him fuck me. I wish he could fuck me all day, never go soft, just go in and out until I can't come anymore. I can't help myself, I must kiss it!)

DON: Mmmm, Sandy, that's so good, your lips on me, I can feel your tongue... aaah, be careful honey, I'll come in your mouth.

SANDRA: I don't care Donald, come in my mouth. It feels so hot against my lips, I can feel it throbbing like it used to do. fuck me a lot Donald, I want it so much.

DONALD: Grip me with your legs darling... that's it, now, feel me going up you. Look down between us Sandy, now, can you see me filling your hole?

SANDRA: Yes... mmmm, that's nice, just put the end in me so that I can see the rest of you. Oh god, fuck me Donald, I'm nearly coming... aaaah. (Oh this is heaven, I'm going to die, I'm holding you tight darling, I'm squeezing your cock inside me... can't you feel me pumping you... aaaah, you're coming, your spunk is filling me like it used to years ago... mmmmm... it's happening to me again) You bastard Donald, oh fuck me, oh fuck me, make me keep on coming with your cock inside me. Mmmmm!

DONALD: That... that was marvellous Sandy, let me look at you. So beautiful, your cunt is pink and loving, I can smell your desire. I love to touch you, I always did, and touching and looking at you is even better. I'm going to kiss it... mmm, you taste wonderful. Look, my cock is getting hard again. I'll suck you and you suck me.

SANDRA: (It's a beautiful cock, the best in the world. See how the vein throbs when I touch it, and the end, the end that has just fucked me. Oh yes darling, I will suck it for you. It fills my mouth, I can taste myself on it. I like that little slit... and you like me to dig my tongue in it... I can tell. Mmmm, your tongue is inside my hole... deeper, Donald, deeper. Now to my clit... that's right, you are reading my mind, you know what I want to happen. When I come I will make you come in my mouth). Aaaah, Donald, mmmm!

DON: (God, she is sucking my insides out, I'm being drained... she is killing me. Her cunt is wide open, I can see inside, it's so wet, and that little clit, I want to get hard again and fuck her rigid...) Oh Sandy, I think I still love you, I want to keep on making love to you until I die...

SANDRA: That's what I want Donald, your cock forever part of me. Your body is so hot, darling, you're sweating, pull the sheets up or you will catch cold. (I don't want him to go, but he must, George will be home soon. He can come again and again and again).

Half an hour later they were dressed and downstairs.

DON: I'd like to see you again Sandra. (It could be tricky if I did, specially if she gets too fond. She's a good fuck, but we could get serious)

SANDRA: Come anytime you want Donald, you will always be welcome. (He'd better not though, still, now and again would be alright, he has a marvellous cock, I didn't know what I was missing... and at least we will be able to make love without worrying about me getting pregnant). I will be thinking about you Donald, and what we did this afternoon. It was marvellous, like old times only better. (No, you'd better not come again, I want fucking too much, I'm getting a thing about sex!) Now hurry up and go darling, George is due back home, I'd have trouble explaining you to him. Kiss me, and go.

The trouble was, Donald did go back, again, and again, and again, until eventually they found they had to have each other all the time. Sometimes they regret the unhappiness they caused, but when they are in each other's arms, making love, they have no regrets. A standing cock has no conscience, and Donald's cock is forever standing when he is near Sandra!

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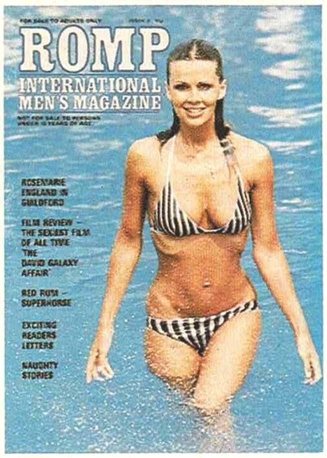
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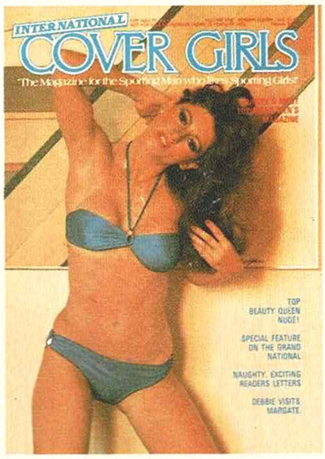
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(NB: This competition is open to MEN and WOMEN as 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' IS THE SEX FILM FOR **BOTH** SEXES!) (Closing date October 30th 1979)

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BLUE FILM REVIEW

This month we report on two great blue films, both of which are really excellent. Our five star rating goes to 'Confessions From The David Galaxy Affair' and our four star rating goes to the Swedish film 'QUEEN OF THE BLUES'.

QUEEN OF THE BLUES

(Four star rating)

A new sex film due for release later this year is reviewed "in full, explicit detail" By National News film critic Graham Blair.

There are, it seems, adult films and adult films! Having seen filming in progress of **'Queen of the Blues**, film critic Graham Blair admits to being "positively staggered" at the high degree of sexual explicitness allowed (actually **encouraged**!) during shooting. One wonders how the fifteen or so technicians required for each take are able to maintain their concentration, with all that fucking and sucking going on...

The plot of **'Queen of the Blues** lends itself admirably to countless erotic sequences, as it deals primarily with the antics of Inga LaMarr, a somewhat oversexed Danish striptease artiste, teasingly played by the ever desirable Mary Millington, whose astonishing physique is filmed to far greater advantage than in films such as **The Playbirds**, **Come Play With Me**, etc.

Two brothers – Guy and Peter Cranham – feature predominantly throughout. They live on a private income drawn from a family trust fund. Guy, the elder of the two, is idle, dishonest and altogether decadent, whilst Peter is naive, innocent, and – at thirty years of age – still a virgin. In a desperate effort to arouse his younger brother's interest in the opposite sex, Guy drags him around the blue film clubs and strip joints of Soho, until finally Peter sees the girl of his dreams, Inga LaMarr, an exotic, expensive stripper, to whom Guy offers a vast sum of money to return with them to their opulent Mayfair **pied-a-terre** to conduct some lessons in sexual initiation.

Mary Millington is 'The Queen of the Blues

Inga discovers to her delight that young Peter is hung like the proverbial donkey, and gleefully bobs up and down on his rampant member whilst Guy sits at the end of the bed, offering encouragement and advice to his brother, who is unable to prolong orgasm beyond a couple of minutes of frantic poking. Guy grabs Inga from behind and mounts her and Peter, his sexual energy suddenly rekindled by this stimulating spectacle, makes use of the delightful Dane's mouth. And this, only four minutes after the film has commenced!

One would think that Inga earns every penny earned from the brothers Cranham, because by the time this ten-minute long, amazingly graphic sequence is over (including, as it does, an uncensored "tuna sandwich" scene), an average girl would be panting in exhaustion if not actually, begging for mercy. Not so with the luscious Inga! Insulated by the boys' inability to extend their lovemaking (and erections!) by longer than ten minutes, Inga storms disgustedly out of their exotic boudoir, our insatiable lady has received the ultimate insult!

Guy and his newly-debauched brother are nontheless impressed by the fiery Inga, and conspire to get her back in their clutches. But life is disrupted by the sudden and untimely death of their father whilst visiting his fur processing factory in Alaska. The brothers soon recover from the shock, however, when they discover that Carter's, the age-old gentlemen's club owned by the Cranham family for generations, has been left to them in the will.

Guy, the more forceful and per-

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suasive of the two, has definite ideas as to the future of Carter's, i.e. "Get rid of the old gits who lounge around in the armchairs all day, and turn the place into a sex complex, sauna in the basement, blue film club on the ground floor, and a strip joint upstairs!" Peter, never the one to argue, sheepishly agrees.

And so the transition from gentleman's club to den of iniquity is quickly and efficiently effected, as the last feeble, protesting member is kicked down the steps by the avaricious Guy, the neon sign is switched on.. "Sinful Sex Complex – Kinky Kicks For Young and Old."

Converting a Regency period gentleman's club to a garishly commercial sex complex is an expensive business, and the Cranham brothers virtually drain their resoruces in the process. Worst still, the club is situated in conservative St. James's, as opposed to seedy Soho, and the punters are few and far between. And the local Ratepayers Society is up in arms. What can be done to make the club succeed?

In the meantime, the stunning Inga LaMarr has risen to fame and fortune, and now stars in her very own weekly TV show. Clearly, if she could be persuaded to return to stripping and live sex shows, people would flock to the Sex Complex in their thousands. But how to persuade her? Guy Cranham has the answer, when he and Peter lured her back to their apartment, he had had the presence of mind to install beforehand a video camera, to record every last, lecherous, lascivious detail of their three-way copulation. And, who knows, a little blackmail might work wonders...

Inga LaMarr has no choice than to return to the twilight world of on-stage erotica. And, as predicted by the corrupt Guy Cranham, the Sinful Sex Complex becomes overnight the top-grossing sex club in the whole country, with punters flocking in their thousands to see Inga LaMarr ("of TV fame") performing her outrageous indecencies, to which a whole fifteen minutes of screen time is devoted.

By any standards, Inga's (ie Mary Millington's) sex-strip must rank as one of the most controversial in the history of sex cinema. She comes on stage in a black evening gown, a mink stole draped over her shoulders, a handbag her only accessory. Slowly and sensually she lifts her dress, to reveal black stockings and suspenders and, surprise, surprise, no panties! As the tempo of the music increases, so she starts to play with herself, slowly at first, then, as her act neaers its climax, she takes a vibrator from her handbag, turns her back to the enraptured audience, thrusts her naked bottom out at them – and slides the buzzing vibrator all the way in!

Clearly **'Queen of the Blues** takes the tired old format "The British Sex Film" into an altogether different realm, far and away from the "Confessions" and "Carry Ons" that so typecast the genre in recent years. Slap-and-tickle, let me assure you, is well and truly dead – or will be if this film is granted a certificate! For here we have a film that on one hand vies with **Deep Throat** for sexual frankness, and on the other features television and movie stars who, only five years ago, would never have been seen dead in a film that purports to be "100% sexually explicit".

Queen of the Blues is set in a sex club.

Mary Millington and Rosemarie England in 'QUEEN OF THE BLUES'

'Queen of the Blues', however, does more than purport to be pornographic, it actually IS! Seeing Mary Millington's name attached to it is perhaps unsurprising, but some of the names with whom she co-stars will, when they are divulged nearer the release date, surprise more than a few cinemagoers...

The finale of the plot? The father, it seems, is not dead after all, he has simply been putting his sons' eligibility to his fortune to the test. And he is NOT pleased when he returns to St. James's!

HOW TO SEE THESE FILMS

QUEEN OF THE BLUES
Showing at the Centa Cinema, Piccadilly (Piccadilly Circus end), London, from 26th July.

CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR
Just as naughty as 'Queen of the Blues', but the cinemas are queuing up to show this one!

LONDON from June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus.

BLACKPOOL from July 5th at the Studio Cinema,

GREAT YARMOUTH from July 5th at the Empire Cinema (late Nights only)

We urge you to travel tt see this very special film and to see it as soon as possible.

THIS MONTHS FIVE STAR RATING: CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

We are not going to give this film as much space as it deserves this month, as we have looked at it in previous issues. All we will say is that it is probably the best sex film ever made and definately the finest comedy produced in Britain. The film is highly erotic, but its so humerous the film is inoffensive. This is a sex film that will appeal to both men and women.

It features dozens of beautiful young ladies for ourmale readers, including Mary Millington, Rosemarie England, Faith Fonteyn, Diane Dream and Debbie Delight, their obvious talents are combined with one of the best comedy casts ever brought together in one film including Diana Dors, Alan Lake, Anthony Booth, Bernie Winters, Glynn Edwards, Queenie Watts, Kenny Lynch, Milton Reid... the result is a truly great film. In our opinion it surpasses even such great comedies as Alfie and Seventeen, and that is saying something! This film is already being described as a 'Blue' comedy by those people who have seen it. If you see no other film this year – see this one!

We urge you to travel to see this film, it may never come to your local cinema. (It's that sort of film!)

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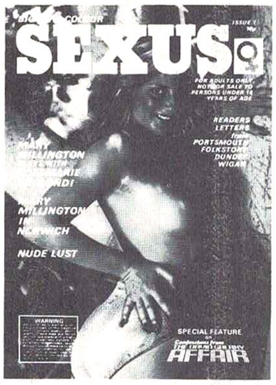
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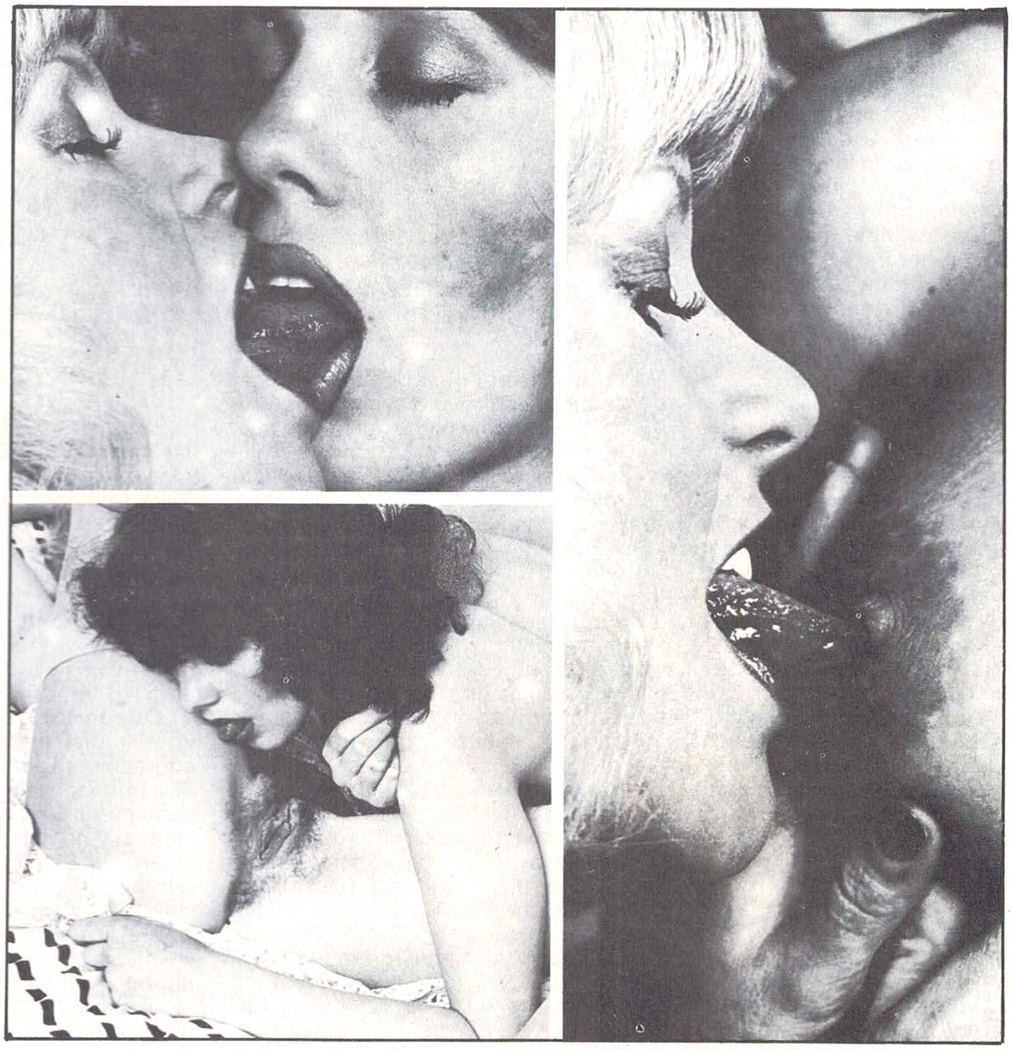

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LEONORA

ALL OF THIS GIRL AND MORE

LEONORA, featured here is just one of the thirty really beautiful girls who appear in 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' AND join in on the action! 'Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair' is the bluest film ever made or released in Britain, the strongest film ever shown in Britain. We would however point out that the pictures here are not from the film. 'Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair' Stars FOUR top sex symbols, Mary Millington, Diane Dream, Debbie Delight and Rosemarie England PLUS some of the countries top beauty Queens (eg Miss Birmingham, Miss Bournemouth...) PLUS a host of really beautiful young actresses and models. However, 'Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair' is also a very funny film and features a host of top comedy names including Diana Dors, Bernie Winters, Anthony Booth, Allan Lake, Glyn Edwards, Queenie Watts, Milton Reed, etc. This film is so funny it will appeal to men and women alike (even though it's very explicit). MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MISS OUT on 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR', it's showing for a short season at these cinemas:

***LONDON** from Thursday June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, London (01-437 3839) – 7 days a week from 11.00am daily (late show nightly at 11.00pm)
***BLACKPOOL** from July 5th at the Studio Cinema, 7 days a week.
***GREAT YARMOUTH** from July 5th at the Empire Cinema, 7 days a week, but late night shows only.

Continued on page 49

THE GIRL IN THE NEXT ROOM

Nick walked over to the window and looked across at the wooded park below. He'd stayed in better rooms, but for a fiver a week he couldn't grumble, at least it had a double bed, a wardrobe and a table and chair. "There is a large kitchen downstairs, you share an oven with number six. You are responsible for your own room, I don't do any cleaning or washing, I haven't the time. I don't allow members of the opposite sex in the rooms after eight-thirty,I run a respectable house, not a brothel!"

He smiled at the owner. "I don't have a girl friend, so you needn't worry on that score. A week in advance I believe." He handed her a fiver. "You won't see much of me Mrs. Thomas, I'll be out most nights."

"I hope you don't drink a lot, I don't like men being drunk around my place, I run a respectable..."

"I'm sure you do Mrs. Thomas. I will be as quiet as a mouse. Is there any chance of having a bath?"

"There is a meter in the bathroom, it takes five pence pieces, enough for you to run the geyser. Pament of rent every Saturday morning to Mr. Broadbent who lives downstairs. I require at least a week's notice before you leave the room!"

Nick took a deep breath when she had gone, then unpacked his two suitcases. He was sick to death of furnished rooms, but if he wanted to keep working there was nothing else for it. There was no work in his hometown. He grabbed a towel and found the bathroom. It took him five minutes to sort the ancient geyser out, and when it was running hot he undressed.

Nick was a tall man, slim, but wiry. He was also a hairy man, so hairy it embarrassed him at times, such as when he went swimming. His arms, shoulders, chest, down his belly to a mass of hair between his legs. One girl had likened him to a monkey, a remark that had hurt him at the time. He climbed into the bath and lay back in the soapy hot water, idly flicking his dick! It seemed a bloody long time since he'd had a jump, he thought reflectively. The last time had been in Bristol, on the building site. A scrubber, that's all she was, a bloody scrubber. A quid and she took her knickers down in the shed, and he'd screwed on the cement sacks. He grinned as he thought about it.

I wonder if she got any loose cement in her fanny! he thought, soaping his dick until it thickened.

She hadn't been a bad fuck, very juicy and passionate, and she'd told him to could spunk inside her if he wanted, she was on the pill. He rubbed the side of his neck. She'd given him one hell of a bite when he'd shot off, it'd taken days for it to go. As he'd come off, one of the other guys had climbed on. Nick reckoned the scrubber made a tenner in half and hour, taking the horny building workers between her legs. Yeah, that had been a month ago, and he hadn't dipped his dick since. He was now fully erected and he pulled back his foreskin baring the hot velvet dome. He was as randy as a goat, he'd have to find a bird that night, jerking was alright, but it was better to fuck... even a totty! Gently he rubbed his flesh up and down, his toes curling as the sensations swept through him.

"It looks like a lighthouse," he murmured, gazing at his erection as it poked out of the water, holding it firmly at the base. "I could just do with a bird sitting on it!’

The bathroom door opened and he hurriedly ducked his stiff flesh into the water... but not before the pretty girl standing in the doorway had seen it.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I didn't know someone was in..."

She was wearing a bathrobe, open at the front, and naked underneath. He had a quick sight of her body, her large breasts and the vee of hair between her legs, and she was gone. His dick dwindled at a fast rate, and for some reason the urge to masturbate went from him. He finished his bath, dried and hurriedly went to his own room, feeling a bit of a berk!

Joan sat on the edge of her bed, squeezing her knees so hard the whites of her knuckles showed. She felt daft, bursting in the bathroom like that, but how was she to know it was occupied. She had pulled her bathrobe tightly around her, fastening the sash, a bit late, like bolting the stable door after the horse had bolted! She closed her eyes but could not hide the image in her mind. The young man had been playing

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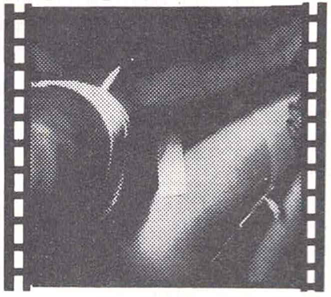

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with himself, his dick was standing straight, and he had his hand on it, another minute she would have caught him... coming. Her heart was beating wildly as she stood up and listened at her door. She heard him come out of the bathroom, and the water running away. The skin on her breasts felt tight, she hadn't felt like that for a long time, not since her past boyfriend had made love to her, all of three months ago. She went into the bathroom, ran the water and took her bath robe off. She didn't know the young man, never seen him before, and as she climbed in the bath, she wondered who he was. The hot water relaxed her, she lay back and soaped her firm breasts, thinking about the young man and his hard dick.

Gently she ran her hand down between her legs, over the wispy pubic hairs to her long slit of pleasure. With her middle finger she found her clitoris and she stroked it smoothly. "It was big," she murmured to herself. "So big and hard." Her finger wormed into her moistness, and she started to masturbate swiftly, one hand caressing her left breast.

"Damn!" muttered Nick, "I've left my soap in the bathroom."

He opened the door without thinking and gazed down at the girl in the bath. Her bottom had risen up, her cunt out of the water, her fingers delving into the passionate sleeve. He gulped and dashed back to his own room, sitting on the bed, his dick hardening. "Christ!" he muttered. "She was having a wank!"

He had never thought about girls doing things like that, playing with themselves, but when he did think about it... why not? They sometimes felt sexy, just like men did. He took his dick out and tossed himself off!

He slept for a couple of hours afterwards, and movement in the house woke him up. It was six thirty. He took out a dinner for one from the carrier and went downstairs to the kitchen. He saw the cooker, a large notice above it said: 'Rooms six and seven'. A girl stood in front of it, frying bacon and eggs.

"Good evening," he murmured.

She turned and blushed when she saw who it was. "Good evening," she said, very softly. She still had her bathrobe on, but underneath she was dressed. "I'm sorry I barged in on you this afternoon," she went on. "I should have knocked first, but usually no one uses the bathroom during the day..." Her voice trailed off and she blushed again, wondering if he had noticed what she had been doing to herself.

"That's okay," he grinned, "I should have locked the door shouldn't I?"

She spilled her bacon and eggs on a plate. "All yours," she said.

He prepared his meal, wondering about her. She was certainly some looker, and she was sexy. Maybe she was going short of dick along the line. A man came and started work on the next cooker. Nick introduced himself.

"Who's the bird in number seven?" he asked.

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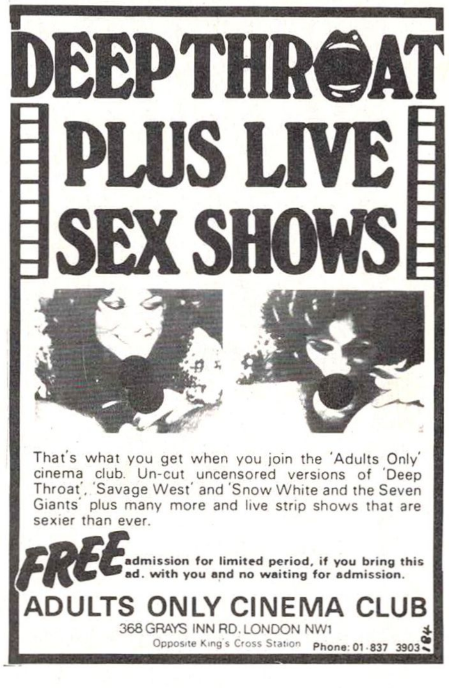
"Oh, that'll be Joan... don't get ideas about her, she won't do a turn, believe me I've tried. She's a barmaid at the Goose... I reckon the landlord is screwing her. Nice tits hasn't she?"

"Very nice," agreed Nick. He didn't tell the guy what he had seen in the bathroom. "The Goose, where's that?"

"Take a thirty one at the park gates, and it drops you right outside the door... you won't get free drinks either. If you fancy a bird for the night, go down to the Crown, there is plenty of spare hanging around, and it won't cost you more than a few drinks. I go down a lot and I always score. Watch out if you bring one back though, old Broadbent who collects the rent is a proper bastard, I think he is screwing Mrs. Thomas, she's a widow, and he thinks he is on to a good thing here. She always looks starry-eyed on Saturday afternoons when she's been in his room... and he looks shagged put! What he doesn't know is, another guy is tailing her."

"Who?" asked Nick.

"Me!" grinned the man, "I don't pay rent brother, I fuck the owner and she lets me off. She's not a bad jump actually, a cunt like a cup of syrup and she shakes, rattles and rolls when she gets going."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"Are you thinking of taking over?"

"Fuck off man! I screw her for free rooms... and she does my washing. I fuck her on a Sunday morning, when she comes to empty the meters, so don't call on me before lunch time."

He ate his tea slowly, wondering if he could 'oblige' Mrs Thomas, a saving of a fiver a week would be very useful. She didn't seem a bad old stick, clean if nothing else.

Nick found a pub nearby and settled down for a night's boozing. But he couldn't get Joan out of his mind, the way she had lain in the bath, her bottom raised her fingers in her cunt. Surely she did a turn, she had to, she was missing dick! He finished his drink and went to the park gates to wait for a thirty one bus.

The Goose was a flashy pub, not long built, two big rooms, the bar and the lounge. Nick ordered a pint, and found the beer to his liking. There was no sign of Joan. The girl was down in the cellar fighting off the advances of her boss!

"Come on Joan," he panted, "just a kiss and a cuddle, no one will come down here."

"No Jack," she said, pushing him away. "Your wife..."

He grabbed her and kissed her roughly on the mouth, his hand going up her dress to rub her gusset.

"Please Jack," she cried, pushing him away again. "Stop it."

"You're a bloody tease," he muttered. "You wear short skirts, your tits nearly hanging out." He grabbed her hand and put it on his dick. "Gimme a wank," he said, trying to force her hand up and down his dick.

"If you promise to leave me alone," she said, angrily.

He unzipped his pants and his horn sprang out.

"Why not gam me?" he grunted.

"No," she hissed, taking his dick in her hand and rubbing it as hard as she could. He leaned back against a barrel, his eyes closed as she started to toss him off. Just as he was approaching his climax his wife walked in.

Nick finished his drink and ordered another.

"Is there a girl called Joan working here?" he asked the barman.

"Yeah, she serves the lounge, should be around somewhere."

"Get out," shouted an irate voice. "Get out of my pub you filthy bitch, get out."

The barman opened his eyes wide in surprise as Joan came into the bar, followed by the landlady. The landlady opened the till and took out some money, thrusting it at the girl.

"Now go, you dirty bitch, get out!"

"That was Joan that was," muttered the barman. "I wonder what the hell has gone off!"

Nick hurried out of the pub after the tearful girl.

"Hey," he said, catching her arm. "You look as though you need a drink, where is the nearest pub?"

"Leave me alone," she muttered.

The bus was approaching so he dragged her to the stop. "There is a pub further down the road," he said, "I noticed it on my way up. Now shut up, and do as you're told!"

She didn't speak until she was on her second double whisky, then: "Thanks, I did need that."

"What went on back there?"

"It was Jack, the landlord, he is always pestering me, playing about, you know the kind of thing. Tonight Mary caught us..."

"You mean he was...?"

"No, to satisfy him I... I, well, gave him hand relief!"

Nick's dick quivered as he thought about Joan giving hand relief.

"It was all I could do," she went on. "Honest, you don't know what it's like working for a man like that. Everytime he got me alone he mauled me. I've done it before to get rid of him, it only takes a few moments, tonight I was unlucky."

He bought her another whisky. "You can't blame his wife," he murmured, "she wouldn't be too pleased to find you tossing her husband off, that's the next thing to him screwing you. Anyway, let's change the subject. What are you going to do now, you're out of a job?"

"I'll get another one, I'm a good barmaid. I want to go back to my room, if you don't mind. You can stay here, I can get a bus."

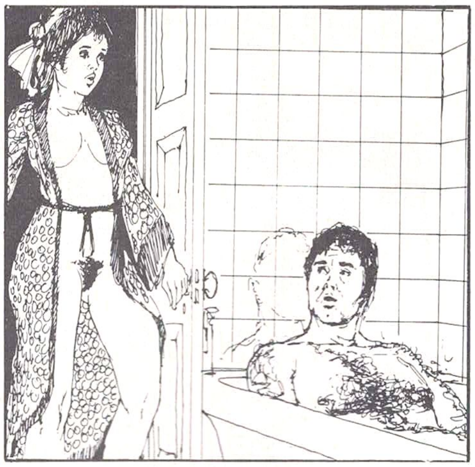
Being a gentleman Nick insisted on returning with her, calling at the off licence for a bottle of whisky.

She sprawled out on the bed, glass in hand and stared at the ceiling. "I'll bet you think I'm a right old cow," she muttered.

He looked at her, her dress had fallen back, showing her shapely thighs.

"No, I don't think that," he murmured. "I think you are sexy, yes, but I don't think you throw it around."

She leaned on one elbow and looked at him, a grin on her face. "When I came in the bathroom this afternoon, you were playing with yourself, weren't you?"



"Yes," he admitted, and joined her on the bed. "I haven't had sex for a long time, my blood gets hot, so I jerk off." He put his hand on her thigh and slowly traced his fingers upwards. She put her hand on his and stopped him.

"You saw me playing, didn't you?"

"Yeah Joan, and I went straight back to my room and jerked myself off!"

She took her hand away and he moved higher, feeling the heat from her cunt.

"I haven't had a man for months," she husked. "I won't resist you if you want me."

He pushed her back on the bed, sending her drink flying, and kissed her open mouth, his fingers worming inside her knickers to her juicy hole.

"I want fucking Nick," she panted, "God, how I want fucking!"

The urge to join was so great for them that there wasn't time to undress. He wrenched her knickers down, unzipped his pants and drove his lustful dick into her squelchy cunt. When she felt his hardness invade her she sighed, curling her legs around his and lurched up to meet his thrusts. Feverishly he tore at the buttons of her dress, baring her ripe tits.

"Suck my tit," she moaned, pushing her chest up.

He fastened his mouth around a succulent nipple, thrusting harder into her cunt.

"Aaaah!" she cried, biting at his neck, "I'm coming, Oh God, I'm coming!"

His dick was bathed in her juices, he pounded harder and harder until with a groan he shot his load into the pulsating flesh, then lay over her, panting heavily.

He pulled away from her and stared between her open legs. Her hole glistened, her hips still rocked to and fro. He stood up and got undressed, while she stared at him.

"You can't sleep with me, it isn't allowed," she murmured.

"I can't help that," he muttered. "Get up and get undressed, you and I are going to fuck for the rest of the night."

They lay naked together, his dick in her cunt, his lips on her tit, their bodies moving slowly to and fro in ecstatic union, the sound of their love making music in their ears. Later she took his dick in her red mouth and sucked him to a climax, while he kissed and licked her clitoris.

"We're made for each other," said Joan, dreamily as the cuddled up to go to sleep.

Nick awoke to a knock on the door, he was on his own bed, fully clothed, but his pants were undone, his dick hanging limply out. He blinked and wiped a hand across his forehead, and went to answer the door.

"Excuse me," smiled the girl. "I'm in the room next door, I wonder if I could borrow a cup of sugar, I've run out."

He let her in, she was wearing the bathrobe she had worn when she interrupted his bath, but it was fastened, hiding her naked body.

"Sure," he said. "Sit down, I'll make a drink for both of us."

Joan smiled at him, her heart beating faster. He seemed such a nice young man, and she just had to see him, especially after the erotic dream she'd just had about him! As she watched him make the tea she could almost feel his dick inside her. Strange how dreams could be so real.

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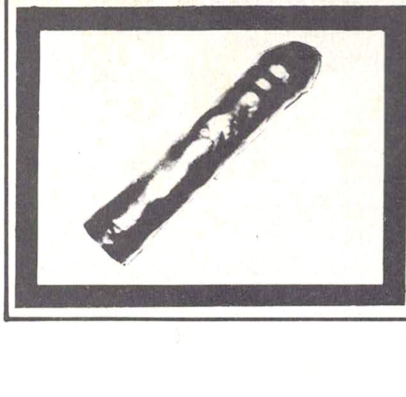

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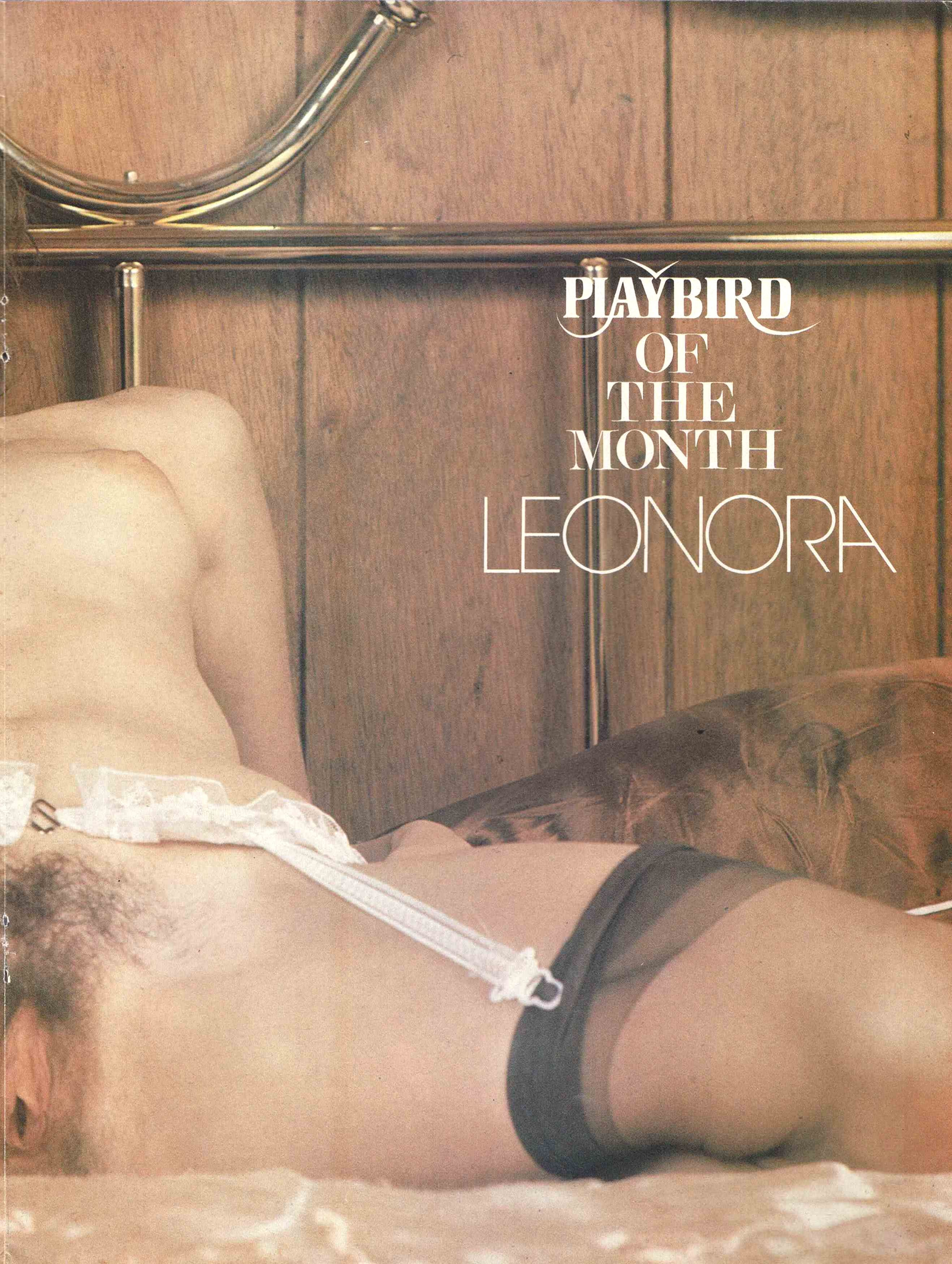
LEONORA

Continued from page 44

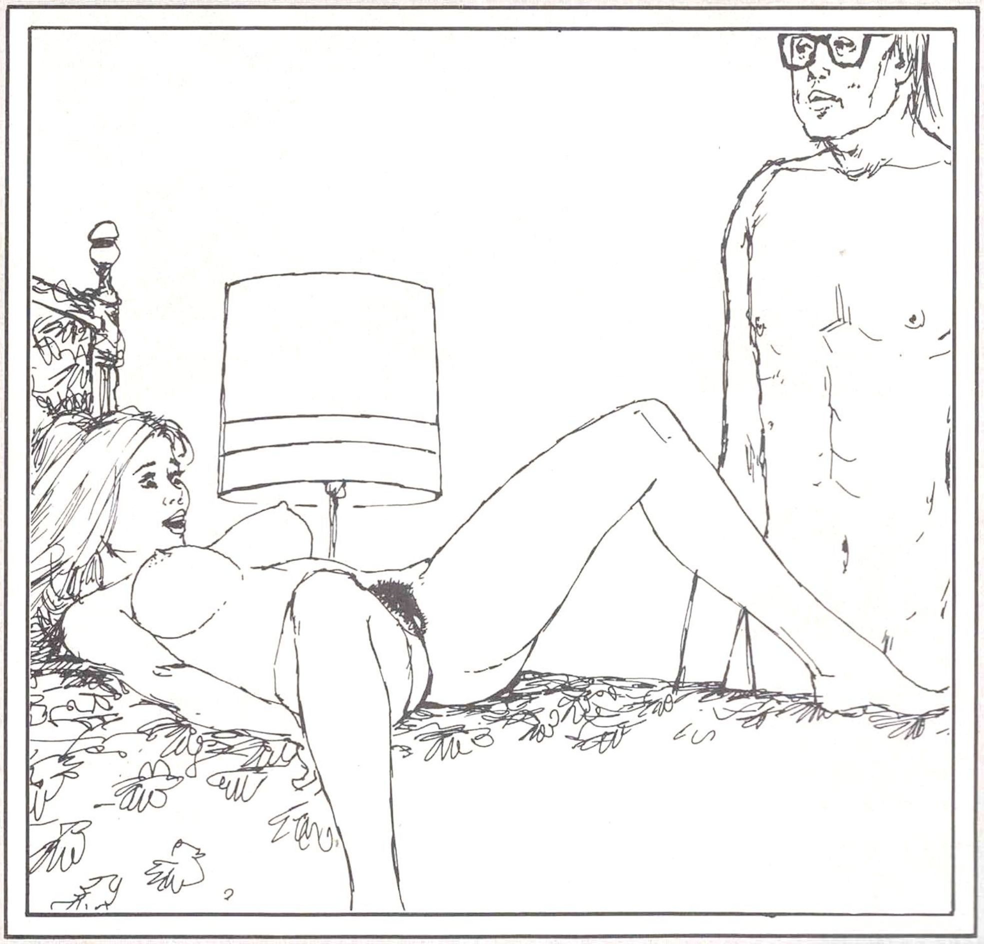
PLAYBIRD OF THE MONTH

LEONORA



PLAYBIRD OF THE MONTH

LEONORA



HE DIDN'T LOOK SEXY...!

Sally looked up at the young man standing naked by her bed, and quivered with apprehension as she gazed at his tremendous cock. It clung to his belly, the large dome shining and purple. It didn't seem possible, Albert didn't look sexy, he wore glasses, he was so studious, his conversation was mainly about classical records and 'good' books. It had been his mind that had attracted her in the first place, Sally was brainy and thoughtful herself... but she did like sex! She hadn't felt sexually attracted towards him, no one did with Albert. She'd never imagined him to have a big stiff cock, but now he did look different. His eyes glinted behind the spectacles, his lean body looked powerful, and that cock, that hard beautiful cock, ready to invade her body.

He got on the bed by her side and gently massaged a breast until the nipple sprouted.

"I... I never expected this to happen," she whispered, straining herself against him, the blood rushing hotly through her veins. "We were listening to Debussy... and now this!"

He kissed her tenderly, moving his hand down her flat belly, his fingers twining in her light brown pubes.

"It just came over me Sally, it does sometimes, when I least expect it. The music seemed to fire me, and I wanted to make love to you."

She closed her eyes, catching her breath as a finger probed over her clitoris, still nestled in her moist flesh. It had come over her the same way. He'd had his arm around her shoulder, she was in close, dreamily listening to the orchestra, then he had kissed her softly on the lips, not a soul-searing kiss, but nevertheless it travelled through her, making her loins tingle with excitement. They had kissed some more, and he had unbuttoned her frock so slowly she hadn't noticed until his hand cupped her breast.

"Oh Albert," she breathed.

Their kiss was more passionate, their mouths opened, he caressed her breast lustfully. Her hand crept into his lap and she rubbed over his erect cock.

He picked her up and carried her into the bedroom, laying her carefully down on her bed, and gazing at her with love in his eyes. Slowly he took her clothes off, and when she was naked, he took his clothes off. Now they were close together, the studious Albert, his cock hard, long and vigorous, pressing against her thigh, she could feel an ooze of moisture. She touched it and shivered, her legs opening wide.

"Make love to me Albert," she panted. "I want you."

He moved easily between her thighs, and she moaned when she felt his slippery dome push against her sex lips. Gently he slid into her, and her hands tightened on his bare shoulders. She smiled at him, and gently took off his glasses. Their bellies slapped together as he screwed in and out, his hands like wands on her thighs and hips. She raised her buttocks so that he could grip her. Oh god, he was so big, the biggest cock she had ever felt in her sleeve, and he screwed her so slowly. Where had Albert got the experience from to screw like this? The sound of their union filled her ears, she heaved up against him, gripping him tighter, her passion mounting and mounting, until with a long gasp she pasted her belly to his, the most exquisite orgasm possible sweeping through her body. He lay with his stiff cock buried inside her to the hilt, twitching the end, he was holding back his climax, wanting to screw her again.

Her eyes shone as she gazed up at him.

"Oh darling Albert," she breathed. "That was wonderful... and you are still..."

"Hard?" he grinned. "Yes, Sal, my dick is still hard, because I'm going to keep on fucking you until you can't take anymore!"

She blinked, she had never heard him use such language before, Albert wasn't like that, he never swore.

"Like me to kiss your cunt?" he whispered, drawing his hard cock noisily from her sheath.

"I... I... I've never been kissed down there," she breathed, tingling with excitement, her hole feeling like a pit.

"You'll enjoy it Sal," he muttered, kissing her nipples gently, his hands butterflying over her groin. "I'm going to tongue your cunt, lick inside it, and suck your clitoris into my mouth. You'll be able to see me doing it Sal, and my stiff dick,

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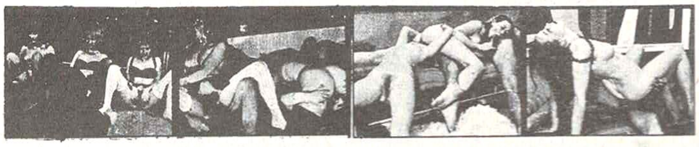

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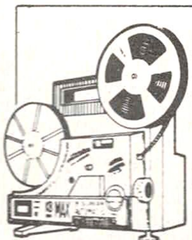

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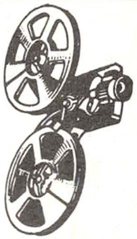

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then when I've made you come again, I will fuck you from the back, play with your tits and rub your cunt while my dick is buried up you. When I spunk I'll fill you up!"

His language amazed yet excited her, and her body trembled as he made his way down, caressing and kissing her until he reached her closed thighs. Gently he parted them, gazing at the pink puffy cunt lips.

"Want me to tell you what I see?"

Her eyes were misty, her heart thudded in her breast. "You're embarrassing me Albert, don't stare at me like that!"

He looked up at her, his hands holding her white thighs apart, slowly his face broke into a grin. "I like what I see Sal." He looked at her cunt again, his tongue darting in and out of his mouth. "I can see the perfect shape of your cunt darling." His fingers widened her. "Your clitoris, like a tiny dick, the inside, pink and moist, a long tunnel where my dick has been, and where it will soon be again. I can see your curvy bottom, and that other hole." Gently he pressed it, making the girl gasp with delight. "I'm going to kiss your cunt lips darling, worm my tongue into your body, suck you and kiss you until you come, then suck all your cunt juice from you." He pressed his face into the vee, his tongue foraging deeply into her.

"Oh Albert," she moaned, "you shouldn't... ahhhh!"

He had found her clitoris and with his tongue teased and tormented until it stuck from her folds of aromatic flesh. Albert pushed her thighs as wide apart as possible, then pressed his face against the open slit, rubbing his nose. He smiled to himself, it was so easy really. Most girls he took out were like Sally, then they found themselves in bed with him, his approach had been so casual, as though he couldn't help himself. He could help himself alright! Whichever girl he took out, there was only one object in view, bed and sex! Where some guys were debonair and sexy, he was thoughtful, making the girl at ease with him, so that before she knew it her clothes were off and she was being fucked.

He worried her clitoris with his lips, like a young puppy, and his hands never stopped caressing her. Then he slid two fingers into the syrupy sleeve, finger fucking her as he cunnied.

Sally could hardly believe what was happening. She could hardly breathe, her breasts ached, her nipples very hard, and the moisture oozed from her. The tension mounted, her belly quivered as he stroked it, her bottom rose up from the soft bed, the scent of her lust filled her nostrils.

"Oh Albert!" she cried. "Eat me, suck me, fuck me darling, I'm coming, it's happening!"

He pulled her to him, squashing her cunt against his mouth, eagerly devouring her, his fingers nipping her buttocks, his head squirming as she climaxed.

He came away from her, his face wet from her love juices, his cock standing out from between his thighs, looking bigger and harder than ever.

Sally had her eyes closed, her breasts rising and falling as she regained her breath. He leaned over and kissed her breast, then up to her lips. She could smell her sex on him, and she turned her face away.

"I feel silly," she whispered. "You shouldn't have done such a thing."

He smiled at her. "You had a good come Sal, I know you did, and your cunt tasted marvellous." He rolled her onto her belly and kissed her bottom, feeling between her legs. To her surprise she felt herself responding, her thighs widening. Gently he brought her up to a kneeling position, then roamed his big cock over her flesh.

CONTACT MAGAZINES

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As a reader of an adult magazine such as this, we are sure that you are interested in contact magazines – the sort that swinging ladies advertise in (some contain box numbers – **others actual phone numbers**). The cover prices on these magazines range from 60p to £4 each! Some magazines contain hundreds of pages, thousands of contacts and pictures! They cover models, masseuses, escorts, showgirls and just oversexed housewives! We offer our readers 10 of the latest contact mags for £4, or 25 for £10 (and for our Gay friends 3 different £2).

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.... 164X

"Fuck me Albert," she said, hoarsely, "fuck me anywhere you want."

He leaned over her, kissing her back tenderly. With a sudden thrust he embedded his tool deep into her open pussy. Sally closed her eyes, her hands gripping the sheet beneath her. His hands cupped her hanging breasts, the nipples between his fingers, as his belly slapped against her bottom.

"You've a lovely arse," he grunted, "and your cunt is a pot of hot syrup. You're a good fuck, Sally, a bloody good fuck."

"I'm glad you think I am Albert, keep on fucking me, you feel so good inside me."

The bed creaked as he screwed her, her breasts ached and hurt, but she didn't care, this man was giving her untold pleasure, his cock filled her sleeve, the friction inside her was sending her crazy!

She felt it swell up.

"I'm gonna spunk," he hissed, "I'm gonna fill your cunt with my spunk. Fuck Sal, fuck!"

She jerked back against him, her orgasm sweeping through her body, and when he came she cried out with delight, pushing herself back so that every drop could enter her lustful body.

He pulled out and stroked her trembling bottom.

"We'll go back and listen to the rest of Debussy," he murmured.

Now that it was all over Sally found it difficult to understand her emotions. Looking at Albert, seated in the armchair, his head nodding to the music, his spectacles back on, a serious expression on his face, how on earth had he managed to arouse her to such a high passion? Albert was two different men in one. Who would have believed he could make love so passionately, that he had such a large cock, that his touches and caresses could be so pleasurable? No one would ever believe her, Albert wasn't noted for his sexual prowess, indeed other girls laughed at Albert...

"Too serious that man, he wouldn't know how to kiss, let alone make love. He'd rather talk than pet."

But now Sally knew different.

As for Albert, he was content once more, he'd laid Sally, he'd fucked her senseless, now he had no more interest in her. This would be the last time he'd see her, he'd drift out of her life. There was Dena, now there was a girl, and interested in classical music as much as he was. He had the feeling she was a virgin, that she had never felt a stiff cock in her life. Well, she would feel his, and very soon. He'd never fucked a virgin, it would be a tight fit up her... and he would be able to teach her about sex, and sucking cock!

Dena sat in Albert's flat, listening to the record, and wishing he would kiss her. She liked Albert and had been thrilled when he had asked her out. Hardly anybody asked

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"HE PUSHED HIS COCK SLOWLY IN, AND ONCE AGAIN SHE PRETENDED IT HURT..."

Dena out, she was as serious as Albert, but in her breast beat a passionate heart. Albert was wrong in thinking she was a virgin. Dena was no virgin, she had been screwed many times in the past, and she knew more about cock-sucking than Albert dreamed about. But since being at University she hadn't indulged in sex. She had devoted herself to her studies, never went to parties, in fact, she was the ideal partner for Albert.

The couple were seated close together, and Albert slid his arm across the back of the sofa, to rest it on her shoulder.

"I like Beethoven," he murmured, glancing down the front of her dress at the swell of her breasts. "He relaxes me, makes me feel at peace with the world."

"He excites me," remarked Dena, "he makes me think of things I shouldn't do."

"Like what?" he asked, with interest.

"Like making love on a warm still night."

She turned to face him, and he kissed her gently on the lips, his hand cupping a breast.

Ten minutes later she was naked on his bed, looking up at him with awe in her eyes.

"You... you won't hurt me will you?" she asked, fearfully.

He stroked his immense tool and smiled at her. "I won't hurt you Dena, your first time will be one to remember."

She nearly giggled aloud. He thought she had never made love before! She would have to act the part.

He took her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly, his fingers gentle in their exploration of her warm vibrant body. She kept her thighs tightly closed, a virgin wouldn't succumb straight away! Gently he prised her thighs apart, and when he pushed a finger into her she gasped, pretending that he was hurting her.

"I'll kiss you down there," he panted, "then it won't hurt you."

She lay back, allowing her thighs to be parted fully, watching him cunny her. She reached a rapid climax, clamping her legs on his head when she came.

He crawled back up to her side, kissing her breasts lovingly.

"Now it won't hurt when I fuck you," he murmured.

She gripped him hard. "I want to look at you," she whispered.

He pulled away slightly so that she could see his hard cock. She touched it as though it was red-hot.

"Play with me," he husked.

She took it in her hand and rubbed the hot flesh up and down.

"Kiss it," he growled. "Kiss it, I kissed you."

She smiled as she lowered her head and took his rampant cock in between her lips. Slowly she sucked it down, squeezing his testicles lovingly. He reared up from the bed, his hands clawing at her hair. After a few minutes she stopped.

"I want it," she said, simply.

He went between her legs and pushed his cock slowly in. Once again she pretended it hurt, but it didn't, it felt delightful moving slowly in and out. Suddenly she jerked her bottom.

"I'm better Albert," she croaked, "now do me properly."

Her legs twined around his back as he fucked steadily in and out. It was a tight fit, and he felt elated that he had 'broken her in'.

"You'll make a wonderful fuck next time around Dena," he panted, feeling his climax begin to start.

She bit his shoulder. "I'm a wonderful fuck now Albert, ride me and I'll show you."

Her legs climbed higher around his back, her bottom rose up in time with his deep thrusts.

"Oh Christ!" he grunted, and kissed her hard on the mouth, his ejaculation thundering into her. She gripped him hard, the flood of his warm semen bringing on her own climax.

When it was over he stroked her perspiring body tenderly.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Of course you didn't Albert. Let's go back and listen to the rest of Beethoven!"

Albert looked at her, seated in the armchair listening intently to the music. It didn't seem possible, she had been a virgin, yet had responded so readily to his caresses, and the way she had sucked his cock! He moved over and sat down between her legs, running his hand up her dress to fondle her thighs.

"You want to fuck me again?" she asked, softly.

He nodded.

She came from the chair and sat by his side, feeling his cock. "I'll fuck you Albert, I prefer to be on top."

It didn't dawn on him what she had said until she was over him, riding smoothly up and down his long hard cock.

"You've been fucked before!" he snapped.

"Of course I have Albert, many times. Now push it harder darling, it's happening."

It was a large wedding, and there were a few sniggers from the guests.

"God, I bet they don't fuck very often," muttered one.

Sally smiled to herself. Fuck! Albert would show Dena what it was all about very soon.

"I don't know what he sees in Dena," said another guy. "It'll be like taking a block of wood to bed."

It goes to show, never judge by appearance. The quiet studious type can be very sexy. You don't have to look sexy to be a riot in bed, often it is the quiet studious sort that are the most passionate once the spectacles have been removed!

JUDY

JUST ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL SEXY ACTRESS

Meet JUDY, just one of the beautiful and sexy actresses who appear in the new erotic movie EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS. The film tells the story of a young girl who has just left an exclusive Swiss Finishing School, she goes to college and does a thesis on 'contact' magazines. Obviously, she is corrupted by the kinky people she meets, including a FEMALE sailor. 'Emanuelle Meets The Wife Swappers' features all forms of explicit sexual activity, including Duo, Group and Les Action. The pictures here are not stills from the film. JUDY is just one of thirty or so really beautiful actresses from Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Holland who are featured in 'Emanuelle Meets the Wife Swappers'. This is a film NOT to be missed by all lovers of really good sex films – it's a hard, but erotic film, a real blue movie. However, whilst it's naughty it's also funny, so it will probably appeal to lady as well as male readers. 'EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS' is showing NOW at the MOULIN CINEMA, Gt. Windmill St., Soho. It is showing from 11.15am daily, continuous performances – with a late show nightly at 11.00pm. We urge you NOT to miss this film! Because of it's nature, this film will NOT be shown at many cinemas around Britain, it will be on a VERY RESTRICTED release – so we urge you to TRAVEL TO SEE THIS FILM. (See page 8 for provincial playdates).

PLAYBIRDS
POSTBAG

If you would like a letter published in this section, please send your mail to Playbirds Magazine (Reader's Letters Editor), 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E.7.

NODDED AND CONFESSED

Dear Editor,

You might not believe this but it is the truth, a sexy film came to our small town, it was such a success that they kept it for another week, I saw it twice but it was on the second time that the occurence happened which I am now writing to you about.

The place was packed even though it was the middle of the week, I looked around in the half light to find that quite a few couples were taking note of what was happening on the screen and stifly copying it, the rustle of clothes being lifted zips being lowered and bra straps snapping showed how good the film was, I was alone for a change, my current girlfriend had gone out with her mates on a girl's outing, which meant that some poor sucker had got hooked and would now be the slipper and pipe merchant, I was busily looking around and feeling envious when I noticed the woman next to me was shuffling about a bit in her seat, and looking down I could see that her own hand was up her skirt and moving around quite a bit, needless to say the film had made me hornier than usual and I had a great stalk on, and what had I next to me, a woman as horny as myself, "Why not swap hands" I thought and moved a bit closer to her, she sensed my attention and looked at me with a slight smile on her face, she looked pretty and was well dressed, and I said quietly, "This film gets to you doesn't it?", she nodded and confessed that this was her fourth time. Before long I had my arm around her shoulder and she had her hand inside my pants, a bare tit in my hand always makes me jerk a bit and as soon as the lights went down for the second show we were still there but had now moved to the back of the cinema.

I finger fucked her so well that she must have come a bucketfull and my own hankie was so wet we had now started on hers, she had a light touch and she knew what parts needed touching, every part of my lower body felt her fingers upon it and I felt every inch of her, I would have liked to have fucked her in there but it was a bit too risky and then as the film came to a close, she let go of my now half hard prick, picked up her coat and hurried out without another word, I followed just in time to see her go around to the car park and a few minutes later she drove out in a smart looking Marina. I took the number and wrote it down.

It was a fortnight later I saw that car again, it was parked outside a butcher's shop and I saw her being served, I waited and stood near to her car, she ignored me and it was obvious that she hadn't recognised me at all, I looked long and hard at her as she unlocked the door, I saw the wedding ring and the smart clothes and knew that she was a person of substance, apart from that she had bought best steak, that in itself said that she wasn't short of a bob or two, then just as she was about to climb in to the car I touched her arm, "I wonder if you could tell me when you are going to the pics again?"

I asked, she looked around hurriedly and seeing no one apparently that she knew said quickly, "I thought that it was you but not quite sure, get in quickly." I was in before she was and she drove swiftly to an estate which only the people with money can afford to live on, she pulled into the drive of a smart looking bungalow and ushered me inside, she was more relaxed now and after we had been inside a few minutes and had been properly introduced she confessed that shw had been feeling lonely as her husband was out of the country on business, "You must understand that it had to end there," she said, I nodded, but had other plans, I'm young enough to keep a girl friend happy and her as well, and after making sure that her husband would be away for another couple of days I told her that I was on holiday and had nothing to do and I couldn't help but see how her eye lit up, she made me tea and we sat talking, the phone rang once and I heard her say, "I'm sorry Marge, not tonight, I've a shocking headache and am going to have an early night", the look she gave me told me that if I played my cards right I could have one too. She had changed into a dress that proved that she was a woman, her breasts were just the same as when I had last held them and her thighs showed as she sat facing me, if she was trying to get me a hardon she was succeeding for I had to move around a bit to let her see what she had once held until it spurted into her hankie, it worked, for she said huskily, "I suppose that you want to stay the night, mind you, only the once," and without any more ado she led the way into the bedroom, and before I could even loosen my tie she was down to the bare essentials and now turned her attention to me, I have never been undressed so quickly and thoroughly as I was then and as the last of my clothes dropped she held onto my rigid prick as she backed towards her bed and from then on it was like a wet dream, she lay back and said quite distinctly, "Now let us see if you are as good as I think you are, the way you performed in the cinema led me to believe that you would be good in bed," she shut up then for I took a mouthful of firm tit as I leaned over her, she was still slowly wanking me as I slid a couple of fingers into her, she was gasping and her body writhed as I found her pleasure button, she was crying out, "Oh God, it's been so long," and then she shuddered and my fingers got stickier, and it was at that time I thought that it was time for Percy's bath.

I can't say that I slipped him into her, far from it, he was gulped into her like Jonah must have been gulped in by that whale, but it was not because she was big, far from it, for the skin peeled back on Percy as he went deep down inside her, and from then on it was all systems go.

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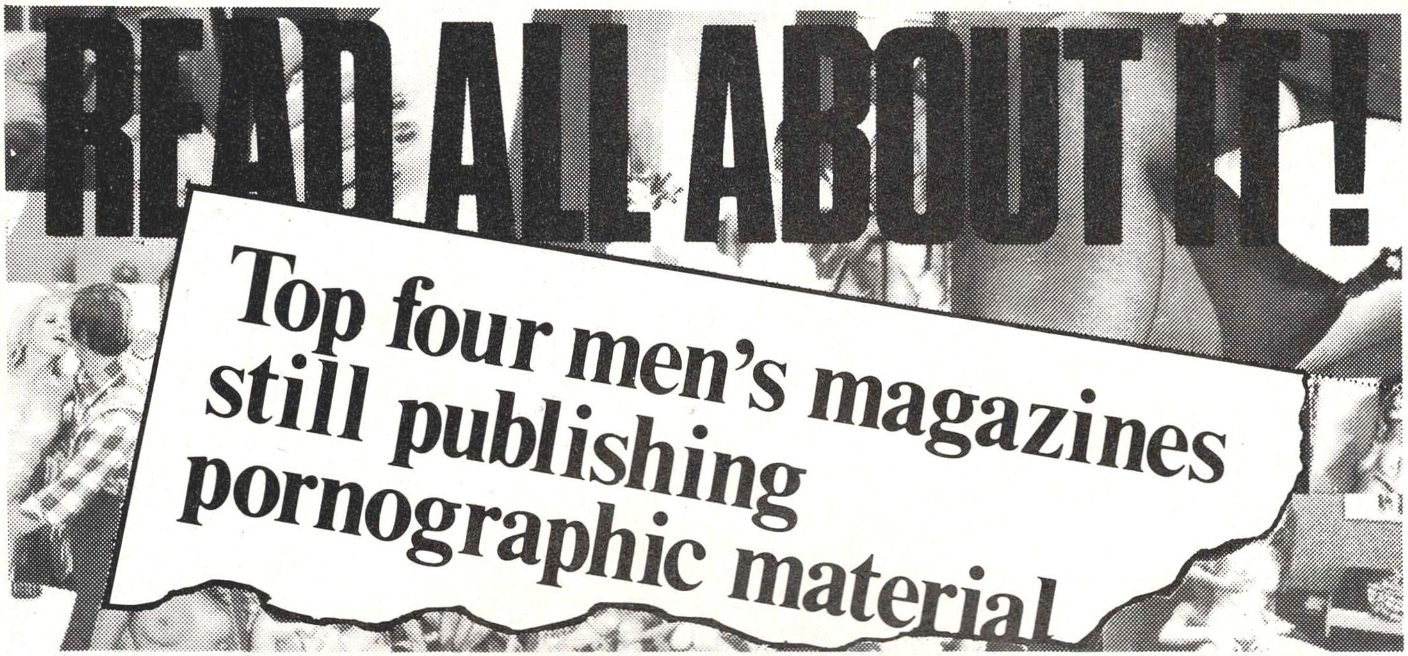

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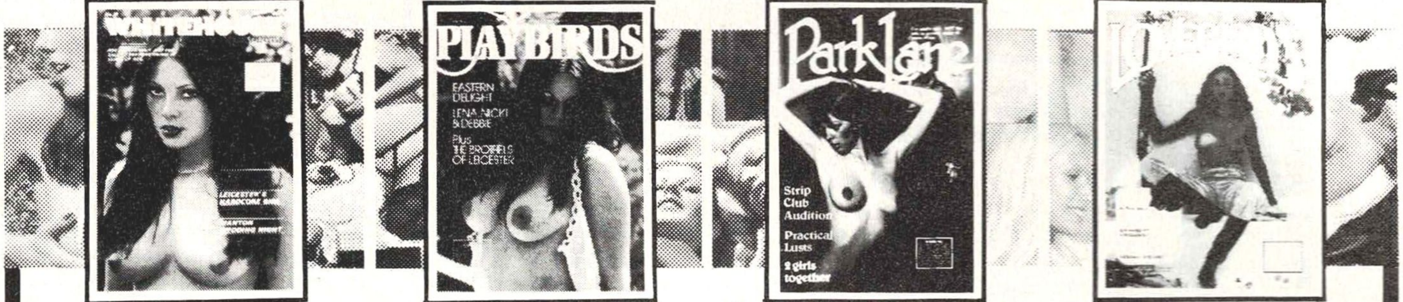

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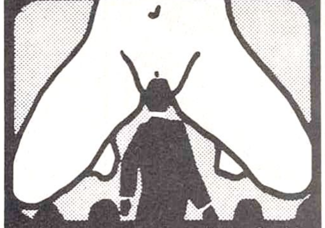
I've had fucks before but never one such as this, she must have been starved for it for months the way she set about it, she made sure that I came before long and then we had it more leisurely, we never moved out of her bedroom for the rest of the day, and nignt, and believe me, she was really something.

I still go around and in fact in my own mind we are not doing any wrong, you see, her old man has no time for sex, he is too busy raking in the shekels, and we all know what it is like to go without sex for a long time, I would sooner miss a meal..

S.M.T. Banbury.



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DISCO DANCING AND SEX

Dear Editor,

Seen "Alfie" that funny film of about ten years ago? Seen most of the 'Confession' films and some of the "Carry-on" epics? If you did and if you have, all good and well. Probably you have also seen the long running Come Play With Me and also The Playbirds? Yes? Good! I am manager of a surburban Cinema South of London and I am personally looking forward eagerly to the day when I find that a new film called CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR is at last on general release and I will have an opportunity of showing it on my screen. I have seen the film at a private trade showing in London and take it from me, an experienced cinema manager, that it is the ultimate tops in sex comedy! Watch out for an announcement of its London premiere and then for news of its general release. Listed in its cast are Diana Dors (bless her for so beautifully decorating yet another film) and Bernie Winters (a solo for him since he and Mike unfortunately split up on showbiz terms). Also look forward to seeing Kenny Lynch, Allan Lake and Glyn Edwards (of Playbird fame) and Anthony Booth who killed us all in Till Death Us Do Part, plus Milton Reid (a one time James Bond man). I took my wife to see the preview of CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR. She is rather conventional, if you get what I mean and said at home afterwards did I really think I should book the film for our cinema on its general release? I mean, she went on, those sex scenes, specially those three in that bedroom with that David Galaxy fellow? Did I think it a bit risky? But yes, of course, I thought it more than a bit risky and risque, as well (French, you know, for the same thing!) But, I told her, if you want to see cinema queues as long as those for films like "Grease", you want to put on a film like CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR. Next to disco dancing, I said, the public wants sex. Its all to do with the body you see, I pointed out. In disco films you can't show the

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nude body dancing, but in CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR, well you can and you do, see? Not all women are like my wife. She prefers films like "Love Song" and "The Sound of Music" and Disney films about little animals. But I know what my cinema patrons want and CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR will give it all to them, plus. I trust my patrons to be ready to grip their teeth, to fasten their safety belts and their knicker elastic and chastity belts and to watch, mouth agape and eyes wide open the fantastically stimulating sex sequences in this new film. They will have a tremendous lot of laugh at as well, believe me, for the comedy is fast and furious. Watch the newspapers for news!

Richard W. South London.

Dear Editor,

My sex life has improved in quality and quantity since I ordered that batch of magazines from you, and which you sent so promptly. My husband had accused me of being cold in bed, and this after fifteen years of married bliss! I had always thought he was satisfied with me, that as long as he fucked me all was well, then one night he told me different. He was on top of me, moving his prick in and out I was moving my bottom up and down, my arms around his shoulders. Suddenly he stopped, his prick inside me. I asked him what the matter was. He didn't answer, he just rolled off and stared at the ceiling. I felt for his prick and to my surprise it was going down. I asked him if he felt unwell. He said he didn't, he just felt fed-up! I was a bit put out as you can guess, no one likes to be accused of being rubbish at sex, but that was what he was inferring. Anyway, he told me straight. I didn't show any enthusiasm for fucking, I gave the impression that I didn't care whether he fucked me or not, he could get more sensual pleasure having a wank. I turned my back to him in my annoyance, annoyance that turned to disgust when I felt the bed shake. He was having a wank in preference to fucking me! My brother and I are very close, and I confide in him what had happened. He advised me to get some sexy magazines, and gave me your address. I skipped through all the magazines at first, very surprised at the photographs, and when I got down to reading one seriously, I was even more surprised. Did women actually use such words as fuck, dick and cunt in front of their husbands? Did women actually suck their husband's pricks? Mind you, after reading one magazine from cover to cover I felt very sexy and had a quick rub between myself to have an orgasm. So I decided I would be more sexy with my husband. I dug out a pair of stockings, and put them on under my nightie. When we got into bed my husband still hadn't noticed the stockings. I put my hand between his legs and fondled his prick, asking him to make love to me. He expressed his surprise, I had never done that before. He pushed me on my back and ran his hands over my thighs, when he felt the stockingg his prick went very hard.

"What's all this?" he muttered, putting his fingers down the tops.

"I want fucking very hard" I said, "and I thought stockings would turn you on!"

He clambered from the bed and switched on the light. There I lay, legs apart, my nightie up by my neck, the stockings looking sexy. He kneeled between my legs, stroking them, his prick dribbling with clear liquid. "God, you look fuckable!" he said.

Hearing him saying that really aroused me, and I asked him to give my cunt just a little kiss. He did so and I had to jerk against him, absolutely loving it when he sent his tongue into the sleeve. He came over me and drove in deeply, my legs curled around his back, I was humping up and meaning every hump I muttered every dirty word I knew, telling him how good his dick was, and how I loved him to fuck me like this. He started to talk back to me the same way, and I thrilled when he said the word cunt! I had the most intense orgasm ever, and when he ejaculated it came out onto my thighs, there was so much come. I told him about the magazines, I had to tell him something, he was curious about my change in attitude.

We looked at them together, and then we fuck each other. Sex is wonderful now, I come every time, I even like to see those photographs of pretty girls with their legs open. They excite my husband, and when he is excited so am I. Please send me some more.

Fiona. F. Worsop.

Continued on page 69

MARY MILLINGTON PLAYS SWEDEN'S TOP BLUE MOVIE STAR IN

IF YOU'VE EVER SEEN A BLUE FILM YOU'LL WANT TO SEE 'QUEEN OF THE BLUES'

QUEEN OF THE BLUES

MARY MILLINGTON & ROSEMARIE ENGLAND

IN SCENES FROM 'QUEEN OF THE BLUES'

***QUEEN OF THE BLUES** is a SEX FILM in every meaning of the word, though it does have a good story!
***QUEEN OF THE BLUES** is set in a sex club and deals with the sex lives of the performers and audience in Europe's leading Sex Club.
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Scenes appearing here are from the Overseas, uncut, version of 'Queen of the Blues'.

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SUE & FRANKIE

A picture-profile of a very intimate relationship

With Sue's gloved fingers probing her pussy, Frankie's positively drooling over Sue's wet, pink clit.

So what's the hurry? Sue and Frankie play with each other, slowly and sensually. They've got all the time in the world...

Frankie's very good at cunnilingus, she can make Sue's cunt wet just by nibbling at her clitoris.

With Sue's gloved fingers probing her pussy, Frankie's positively drooling over Sue's wet, pink clit.

So what's the hurry? Sue and Frankie play with each other, slowly and sensually. They've got all the time in the world...

Frankie's very good at cunnilingus, she can make Sue's cunt wet just by nibbling at her clitoris.

And Sue gladly reciprocates, letting her saliva run between Frankie's labia, then poking her tongue in as far as it will go.

PLAYBIRDS POSTBAG
Continued from page 64

ADVANCE PROMOTION

Dear Editor,

Your magazine seems very occupied in promotion of good new X films that are currently on show in Town (London) and also very much in evidence on general release. I always notice in particular, that some of your leading model girls such as Rosemarie England, Diane Dream and of course the famous Mary Millington are in those films as well as in your magazine, so I gather there is some connection between your mags and the films! I also read with great interest the many readers' letters each month from correspondents who have seen Previews of actual public performances of the films I am mentioning. I think there can be no better medium than glossy publications such as yours for promoting X films that are miles above the average X film turned out by Continental studios, usually badly dubbed or with those irritating English subtitles, as they are called. All the films you review in your magazine are top-class productions with excellent dubbing when it is required and never with sub-titling. I mention at random, Come Play With Me, The Playbirds, Emanuelle and the Wife Swappers, Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair and so on.

Now, perhaps, through this letter of mine, we can add "Massage Girls in Bangkok", even though this latest exciting film is yet to be premiered in the West End of London. I am writing about it in my official capacity of Press Agent for London Film Expositions, a small company formed for the pleasure of freely promoting really worthwhile films in Great Britain. I have bene allowed to see a special private screening of "Massage Girls in Bangkok" and I write about it with considerable enthuiasm. It is undoubtedly an experimental film in regard to the exposure, pleasant, however, of the quite extraordinary revelations regarding that newest of new girlie outlets known as the sauna and massage palour.

However, the parlours in question and under the auspices of this new film are not in London, England, but in Bangkok! Of course, the mentality of foreign girls in regard to sexuality from a prostitution point of view is vastly different from that of the English girl who is far more inhibited and also pretty hidebound by convention and rather stringent laws in Great Britain. Apart from that, foreign girls are far more lusty and more appreciative of men and their carnal desires. These facts are more than freely demonstrated by the massage girls in Bangkok in this new film. It is generally thought that the girls did not know that hidden cameras and recording devices were in use in their cubicles during the making of the film and that their true characters and attitudes were faithfully recorded in sound and motion picture from the film. We therefore see these amazingly beautiful girls behaving with their clients in the natural manner as they apparently do when working with them.

The general effect is sometimes beautiful, always bawdy, very lustful but at the same time compassionate. The girls are often topless, and in many shots completely naked as they tend to the men and give them fellation with the utmost skill and obvious pleasure. They also permit themselves to have coitus with their men clients. At the same time, they display a genuine knowledge of the art of manipulation and massage therapy which they appear to administer with skill. Indeed, it is their consummate skill that enables them to arouse the men so that, in the end, there is no escape from the mutual sexual desires raised in masseuse and client and the inevitable therefore happens, the client is ready and willing to pay out for the additional services on offer, from masturbation to fellatio to cunnilingus to actual intercourse. If English massage girls want to learn a bit more about their chosen 'profession' they should see "Massage Girls in Bangkok" as soon as it opens in London in the near future. The film is well supported by such accomplished professional artistes as Ilda Strond, Elsa Martef, Sylvia Foxe, Margeurite Elle, Martin Veux, Georges Vivelle and the British actor, Peter Manford, even if he alone does look rather bashful and out of place in such a highly erotic film!

Jake D. Hounslow Middx.

READERS WILL PROBABLY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT 'MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK' IS SHOWING FOR A LIMITED SEASON FROM THURSDAY JULY 26th at the CENTA CINEMA, Piccadilly, (Piccadilly Circus End), LONDON. We urge readers to come to London to see this film as they will be very unlikely to see this film in their local cinema.

POOLS WINNER

Dear Editor,

A month ago I had a small win on the football pools, only a matter of a few hundred quid, but as it happened I was earning quite good money at the time and had no debts, so it seemed logical to blow it all on luxuries. I don't have a family to buy presents for or to take on holiday, so I had it all to spend on myself. One of the things I thought I would treat myself to was a night with a couple of prostitutes – in the event, this swallowed up most of my winnings, but I think you'll agree that it was worth it!

I made enquiries with a couple of people I know who run clubs and they showed me photographs of a selection of 'escorts' who work for an agency in town. Most of the girls were nothing to look at, but finally I selected a couple, a blonde and a brunette, and made it understood as delicately as I could that I would expect them to put on a show for me. They agreed, although I suppose I had to pay through the nose for it in the end, and we set a date. Joyce turned up first, she was the blonde, and took off her coat to show me that she had dressed up in black stockings, suspenders with frills on them, red satin crotchless knickers and a half-cup bra which made her nipples thrust up aggressively over the top of the cups. She had a lovely pair of knockers alright, and I spent a few minutes sucking them while

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The Marquis and his negro manservant force two girls to have sex – all ways – lots of penetration shots.

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Two sets of lovers and anything goes. See the tongue stimulating the clitoris and plenty of fucking.

A10 ORGY IN PARIS (PART 2)

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A11 THREE SISTERS AND THEIR LOVER

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she still had the bra on. She had a naughty look in her eyes and I could tell that she was looking forward to plenty of fun-and-games. I got down between her dress and was giving her a bit of a tonguing when the door bell went and the brunette, Sally, came in.

I had asked Sally to come in schoolgirl uniform, and she had managed to find a grey pleated skirt and a white shirt and striped tie, knee-length white socks and a red blazer. I knew she was stark naked under the uniform, and when I put my hand under the skirt I felt with delight that she had shaved her cunt as smooth as a baby's bum. I lost no time in getting Joyce to 'seduce' the 'schoolgirl' and sat back in a chair with my cock in my hands watching the blonde lick the brunette's hairless cunt until she squealed with delight. I jumped up at this point and made Sally stand with one foot on the arm of the chair, and while Joyce moved round to tongue her in the arse, I sucked her cunt until she came.

I had specially bought a strap-on dildo for the girls to use on each other, but there was a bit of an argument when it turned out that Sally didn't want to take it because she said it was too large, so in the end I got her to strap it on and fuck Joyce with it through the hole in the front of her knickers. At the same time I climbed up behind the brunette and stuck my prick in her cunt from behind, so that everytime I thrust into her, she automatically poked the dildo into her friend. After doing this for a while I pulled my knob out and went to stand over Joyce's face and made both girls suck my hard-on at the same time, which was a truly thrilling experience, especially when Joyce started fingering my arse at the same time. I let them suck me off and came between their joined lips, shooting my stuff over their faces and bodies while they continued grinding away on the dildo. I got my spunk-up three more times that night in various holes and clefts, and all I can say is I'm still doing the pools!

A.S., Grimsby

PARTY OF THE YEAR

Dear Editor,

I am in my early twenties, at the prime of life, you might say, and I make sure of getting plenty of action from the ladies, and I must say that I don't often disappoint them! I don't have what you would call a regular girlfriend, but I do know a dozen or so birds on the local party circuit who are only too ready to drop their little knickers and let me stick my chopper up their holes. This Christmas season I went to more parties than ever before, and managed to satisfy my urge to get stuck up fresh pussies several times a week. One party in particular, just before New Year, I met the most amazing bird who has only just moved to our town, and she showed me a trick I would not have thought possible from my previous experience.

She was standing by herself on the stairs when I first saw her, she was tall and dark haired and nicely ripe in ther right places, I should say she was about twenty-five or so, and she told me her name was Lillian. Naturally I asked if she had come to the party with a boyfriend, as I am too old a hand at this game not to check out in advance if the pussy in question has got a 'Reserved' ticket on it or not. It seemed she had come with a girl from work, who was at present getting her gash filled in one of the bedrooms upstairs. Lillian was quite pissed at the time, as was yours truly, and it didn't take much to persuade her to accompnay me upstairs for a spot of shafting. But there were no bedrooms vacant so we had to do it on the rug in the same room where her mate, a redheaded girl called Brenda was taking a real pounding from a young chap called Dave. Anyway, Lillian and I got down on the floor and tore each other's clothes off, and soon we were licking and fingering each other all over. She had a tasty body and a nice juicy pussy, and when I pushed her onto her back and got stuck in, she was already loosened up enough to take me first go.

After a while we realised that the couple on the bed were watching us at it, and I could see that Dave fancied the bird I was fucking like mad. Just then Lillian looked up and asked him if he wanted to give her one. Naturally he said yes, and so she rolled me over onto my back and told him to fuck her from behind. To start with he obviously thought she meant bum-shagging, but as soon as he had got in position behind her arse she got hold of his tool and stuffed it inside her pussy on top of mine! I was amazed that she could stretch enough to take the pair of us, as we were neither of us small in the genital region, but it was a good tight fit, and the sensation of shagging a girl and having

Continued on page 79

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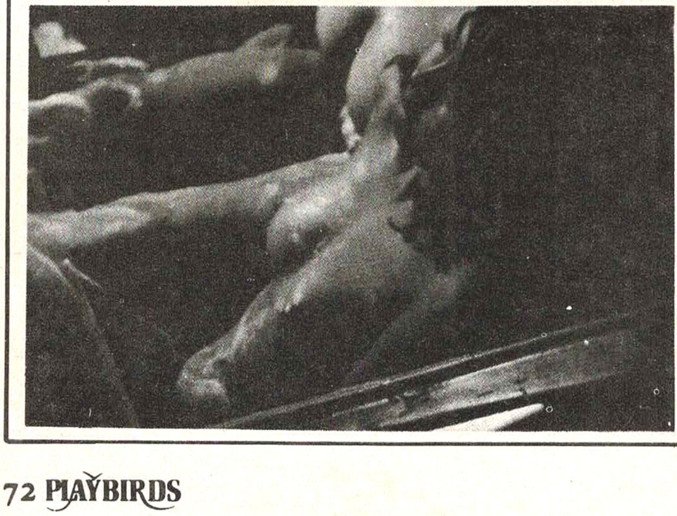

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MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK

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This film consists entirely of highly explicit adult material. It was made in English, but shot entirely on location in Bangkok – using mainly Chinese and Thai Girls. It's hard to believe that the girls are Chinese, since they speak English as if it was their native tongue (though with a slightly American Accent.) The scenery and girls in this film are truly magnificent. Some really violent and sensuous scenes, including a cock fight. Many years ago Emanuelle surprised movie goers the world over, now in 1979 MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK will probably achieve the same effect. A FILM NOT TO BE MISSED.

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MASSAGE GIRLS IN B'KOK

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In 'MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK' you'll see that Thai Masseuses offer EVERY form of sexual service to their customers – NOTHING is barred! This film goes the whole way and leaves nothing to the imagination. A film like this had never before been shown outside a cinema club.

HOW YOU CAN SEE 'MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK'.

SHOWING FOR A SHORT SEASON FROM THURSDAY JULY 26th at the CENTA CINEMA, PICCADILLY, (Piccadilly Circus end), LONDON.

We urge you to travel to central London to see this film, as because of its nature, it is very unlikely to be seen in the provinces.

DAVID MAKES 'IT' WITH HIS SECRETARY

Continued from page 16

writhed away on the couch in the throes of multiple orgasm and her thighs quivered and trembled as she lifted them up in the air and spread them even wider apart. Then I was at her with three busy fingers working in and out and up and down her hole touching her cervix at the same time as agitating her clitoris which I could distinctly see under the red hood of her lips, Her nipples were standing up red and stiff and her breasts looked as if they had swollen up to twice their size since I had first set eyes on them.

After that terrific assault upon her body, I let her lie back and relax on the settee for a while.

"You are a terrific lover, David," she gasped as she regained her breath.

"You are a terrific girl," I replied.

"Why haven't you done this to me before?" she went on.

"Like I told you," I said, "I didn't want to be the conventional boss who wants to have it away with his secretary. Also, like I said, I was afraid it would stop you from being such an efficient secretary and working so well for me."

"You will find me twice as good now," enthused Susan, sitting up on the couch. "Now that I know I have a place in your heart, in your sex life, at least, I will be twice the girl. Forget about that five quid a week rise," she added. "I don't really need it and I didn't come to see you to ask for it. You already pay me marvellously well and I just adore working for you, you know that."

"You were due for a rise in any case," I assured her. "I would have brought the question up before Christmas in any case. So the thing stays. An extra five quid in your cheque as from this week, you understand?"

"Thank you very much darling," smiled Susan. "And now," she went on, "have you the energy left to give me a bloody good fucking – from behind?"

I told her I had more than enough energy. As I said so, my prick, which had gone down a bit, started to rise up again. Within a minute it had pulsed up again to its full eight inches. Susan took it in her hand, gave it a few quick rubs and then knelt up on the couch, her head and arms down, her bottom as high up as it could go exposing her bottom to me together with the still gaping slit of her cunt.

Straddling her expertly, I was up her in a second and had started the rhythmic movements of the true rear fuck. I kept in and up her for as long as I possibly could – keeping a rigid control over my desire to squirt into her. I felt she was coming continuously as I rode her. At last I had to give in and told her I was about to come.

The next moment I was shooting a great quantity of the white stuff up into her and she was responding with a terrific shivering and trembling and quivering of her bottom and her thighs and her pelvis as she felt the hot spurts striking against the walls of her cunt and against her cervix.

"That was the best fuck I have ever had," she murmured, as I came out of her at last and she rolled over onto her back on the couch. She looked at my cock.

"It's still stiff and there is still come coming out of it," she said.

Indeed, the pulsations of my prick were indeed continuing and, as we both watched and I did not touch it, my prick went on pulsing up and down and small spurts of white come came out of it onto the carpet.

"I have only been fucked three times since I was sixteen," said Susan, "and I have never known what it is to be fucked properly until right now."

"Are you going to go on feeling about me the way you do?" I asked. "For you know I am a great fucker of women and I shall not be able to stop having sex with girls in this room."

"No. I suppose not," replied a rather crestfallen Susan. She sat up on the couch. "Will you be cross with me if I go on watching you through the peephole?" she asked.

"But won't that make you feel unhappy?"

"Not now. Not now David, that I have had you fuck me as well and I have been allowed to wank you off and see your stuff coming out. Not now after you have poked and sucked me off as well. But the point is – will you want to do it again to me? Or was that just a one-off to satisfy me?"

"Not a one-off at all, I promise you," I laughed. "I have always wanted to have you and I have been afraid to ask as I have told you. I will make a promise to you that once a week, at least, we will fuck and poke and wank and suck together here in this room. But I do not like the idea of your keeping away from other men because of me. I'm not the marrying sort, Susan. You must know that."

"I never mentioned marriage," smiled Susan. "I am content to work for you and with you even more so now since we have been together in this way and I feel sure you will keep your promise and let us do it together again, here, once a week at least. And now you must give me your undies to

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take back to my bedsit to wash and iron for you. It will make me feel very close to you. Will you?"

I handed her the small, transparent slips I had worn in front of her. Crossing to my desk I took out a small pink pair and put them on.

"Okay," I said. "You can be in charge of washing my smalls. It will save me having to take them to a launderette every week and have the girls looking through the window of the washing machine to see what sort I wear!"

Back at my pad that evening, Jo came up to see me and I told her, perhaps a bit candidly, what had happened between Susan and me that day.

"Now I shall have to be jealous all day over her," wailed Jo. "You are a fucking pig, David! Why can't you be like other men and just have one girl to love and to go to bed with? What gives with you and your outsize prick anyway?"

I held her tightly in my arms as we sat together on my sofa. She was dressed in a short white skirt and black jumper and I was wearing the black shirt and a pair of tight jeans.

"Some men are just built that way," I explained.

"All balls and no brains?" said Jo, glaring up at me.

"I reckon I have some brains as well," I grinned. "After all, I am a pretty well known astrologer you know and I do write a column in a newspaper."

"You just don't know how to fall in love, do you?" grumbled Jo.

"I really don't want to fall in love."

"Why not? Every normal man falls in love and gets married and has kids and a home of his own instead of living in digs like you do," replied Jo.

She brightened up suddenly. "How about sacking that scrubber Susan at your office and taking me on as your secretary?" she suggested. "After all, I do work in a typing pool in the city and I do have shorthand as well as audio typing?"

"Then you would come home here with me of an evening and pretty soon we would be seeing far too much of each other," I said. "And you would soon get sick of the sight of me – however long my prick happens to be. After all, I only see Susan by day. Not in the evenings and she does not sleep with me. Come to that – she would probably be very jealous if she knew you sleep here with me from time to time."

Jo brightened up at that. "Yes," she said, "at least I do know if you are sleeping by yourself at night or not!"

"Well then," I went on, "let's be happy with that little lot, shall we?"

"But then there's the customers, all those girls and women you see at your consulting room," went on Jo. "You fuck around with them as well, don't you?"

"Quite often," I grinned.

"You are a perfect pig of a man," said Jo again. "Can't you see I've fallen in love with you and want to live with you even if you won't marry me?"

"It's all in the mind," I replied. "All this falling in love stuff. It's all in the mind and in the cunt and in the prick. It's all physical. What you want to do is to go out to discos and meet boys and bring them back here to your room. You know our landlady doesn't really mind her lodgers having sleeping partners in."

"But I don't want any silly young disco boy," stormed Jo. "They all bore me to tears and all they want is a quick fumble or fuck up against a wall after the disco has closed down for the night. I want an intelligent man like you who knows all about the stars – and things."

"Coming to bed with me tonight then?" I asked. "Or are you going to take it out on me because of what happened between Susan and me today?"

"To think of your prick being up Susan's hole," retorted Jo crudely.

"I will have a shower before we go to bed," I laughed.

Later that night, Jo, snuggling up against me in my bed said: "I suppose I must count my lucky stars – Mr. David Galaxy. At least I am the girl you most sleep with properly in bed at your own home at night!"

"Exactly," I replied. "What more could any girl want?"

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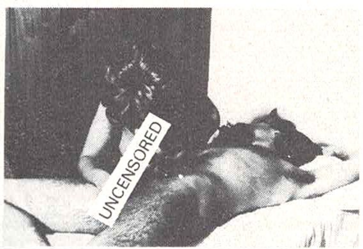

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PLAYBIRDS POSTBAG
Continued from page 71

another hard on rubbing up against my own made me come off in seconds flat. Our cocks were going like a couple of pistons inside her, and as soon as I started spunking off, Dave lost control as well and soon our pricks were jerking against each other and our spunk was mingling inside Lillian's cunt. God knows how it felt for her, but for me it was the most exciting experience of my life, even though I am not bisexual and have done nothing with a guy before. Dave thought it was great too, and we both got hard again really quickly and gave her the shagging of her life while the other girl lay beside her and sucked her nipples. All in all, the party of the year!

O.P., Cambridge.

BETTER THAN CINEMA-CLUB FILMS

Dear Editor,

The ads in your magazines about those private film cinema clubs in London led me to become a member of three of them. I now regularly go to see blue films exhibited in them, but so far, I find them of rather a low production standard. The plots of most of the pictures are flimsy, mere excuse for porny shots of men and women having it off sexually. Many are foreign films with bad dubbing or those sub-titles at the foot of the screens. Few are in colour and when they are, the colour processing is pretty bad. In short, the sexual thrills are few and far between and the appeal to the sexual senses mostly very weak.

What a very different thing it is, to be sure, when it comes to some of the full colour films on show in London's sex cinemas! I refer mostly to those enterprising cinemas that show such excellent films as Come Play With Me, The Playbirds, Emanuelle and the wife Swappers and Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair. All those films, in full colour, are full of fun but at the same time also full of frank, healthy, all-revealing sex shots and sequences. Each film features bevies of English, American and Continental film starlets, models and beauty queens. And, of course, who can possibly forget Mary Millington in all of them, apart from the Emanuelle film? I am now keenly looking forward to seeing the latest in a long line of this sort of film. I understand it is called "Queen of the Blues" and once again stars Mary Millington in all her pristine, sexy glory! With her, I am told, is a new star, Miss Rosemarie England, photos of whome we have often seen lately in your periodicals. "Queen of the Blues" apparently, is a film about blue movie making in all its aspects. As such it lends itself to a great deal of fun and sex games, I am told, by someone who has actually seen a Tradeshow of it. It has a very strong and definite story line and explains in great detail how a major blue film is made on the studio floor and on location, employing dozens of sexy young girls and virile young men in the presentation of sex scenes calculated to stimulate even the most frigid woman or the most impotent of men!

M.M.H. London W.1.

QUEEN OF THE BLUES – is an out and out sex film, as a result it will only show at a few cinemas around Britain, so we urge you to come to London to see it (where it is showing as part of a great sex DOUBLE BILL – with MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK) – showing from Thursday July 26th at the Centa Cinema, Piccadilly, (Piccadilly Circus End), London.

LESBIAN ENCOUNTER

Dear Editor,

To my mind there is nothing so delightful as watching a girl staking their clothes off and drying themselves after physical exertion. When I explain that my job is attendant at the local swimming baths, you will begin to understand what I mean. I have been working there for a couple of years now, but it is only recently that my hobby really began in earnest. Of course, if my employers found out what I get up to during my shift I would get the boot, but so far I have been lucky enough to avoid getting caught.

It took me a long time to discover that there is a gap between the outer wall of the changing cubicles in the women's part of the building and the wall which actually faces the outside world, but when I went down it one afternoon with a torch I realised that I could plainly hear women's voices as they chatted amongst themselves in the changing room. This gap is like a

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JOHN & LYDIA

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"Please... get it in me now. I'm feeling so randy!"

By the time John's finished plating her, Lydia's even wetter than before.

ENGAGEMENT PARTY

Dear Editor,

After having a very unhappy and short marriage I have come to the conclusion, rightly, or wrongly that any woman wearing a wedding ring and a unhappy face is fair game for a bloke like me, when I was married I would never look at another woman and many has been the time it has been offered to me on a plate and fool-like I have refused it knowing full well that my wife would satisfy my needs.

What I hadn't known was that I was not satisfying her for one day I went home and she had her bags packed and was sitting there waiting for a taxi to take her to her new lover, you can believe this or not as soon as she had told me and I was standing there with a shocked expression on my face she lifted her skirts and pulled her pants halfway down and said "Once more for old times sake," I can tell you I felt sick, she had not even gone to the bloke she had just said she wanted desperately to marry as soon as she was free and here she was double crossing him already, I just turned and walked into the bedroom and sat there until I heard the door slam behind her for good, "Good riddance" I thought. For a while I was very lonely and had to use the five fingered widow for a while then I came to my senses at a friend's engagement party, I saw this woman who looked as though she wasn't enjoying herself and struck up a conversation with her, it seemed as though her own husband was away from home for long spells and when he did come home he would sooner hold a fishing rod than a pair of tits so I helped out eventually.

We found out that we had a lot in common but the main thing was that we were both being starved of the old nookie, and only being a short distance from my home I asked her if she would like to leave this party where the starry eyed couple were only anxious for us all to leave, Mary her name was, said to me with a twinkle in her eye, "You want to show me your etchings don't you?" I grinned back, "Not my etchings, my tattoos". I did show her them too, I have one on my stomach and one on my back and she admired them as she lay in my bed.

I don't know which one was first up the stairs but I hadn't even got my pants off before she was bollock naked in bed and she smiled as she saw me climbing in beside her.

"You are the first one since my marriage," she said and I still don't know whether to believe her or not but the way my prick reached out for her I couldn't have cared less at that time whether we were alone in that room or not.

Her fingers were soft as she held it gently, not like my own hard ones and just the touch of a woman's hand on it was enough to send the blood gorging into it, another twitch of her fingers and it would have all been over and she must have sensed it for she kept her hand quite still until I came up for my second breath.

I looked down at her breasts, O.K. they tended to sag a little but who cared at that moment, I licked and sucked at them until she was squirming beside herself and then only then, did I slip my hand down between her thighs, talk about boiling oil, she was wet through and my fingers slid inside her with no trouble at all, again I nearly shot my lot over her and it wasn't until my heart had stopped it's mad pounding that I dared to move. "How long has it been?" she asked quietly as her fingers gripped me lightly, "Too long," I answered and then she took me completely by surprise.

"I've always wanted to do this," she said as her head bent and she took me deep into her mouth, I shouted out, "Don't for Christ's sake, I'm only human." she looked up at me with a twinkle in her eye and said as she let me slip from her lips, "Get this one over and then we can take our time," and then she began to suck, you can imagine what happened then, it came out of me like hot rice pudding and it must have tasted like nectar to her for not one drop did she lose, and she was right, for once I had got rid of that lot I took it quite easy and gave her as good as she had given me.

She had a clit as big as a collar stud and she obviously liked to be touched and as I stroked it she moaned through her teeth at first and then she began to cry out more loudly, she twisted and turned and I felt a kind of pity as I watched her face contort as I delved my fingers in and out of her and then back again to her clit, they say that women don't come like men, let me tell you this, she came as much as I had done if not more, her body arched up and down as though I was already inside her and then after her last spasm she looked up at me through half-closed eyes and said, "O.K. now let us get it done properly."

Her belly was soft as mine pressed down on it and her thighs opened wide enough for me to take up my position there and even though she had been married for quite a time she was tight, a lot tighter than my wife, but then again possibly she had not had as many pricks inside her, it was a marvellous feeling to have warm wet flesh close around my knob once more and when I did manage to get a bit more of me inside her she said a little hoarsely, "You are a bit bigger than my old man, so please take it easy."

That bolstered my ego up so much that I began to have a little thought of how she would enjoy it too it wasn't long before she began to show me that she knew as much about fucking as I did.

Her legs closed behind my back and from then on it was as though we had only one body, she was still coming strong and furious when finally I had let go again and this went on for some time, it was early morning when finally we wearily dressed again and I ran her home in my car, she lived alone and had no family at all, and although this was not the last time we spent a few hours in bed together it was by far the best.

Since then I have made it my business to keep a sharp look out for a woman wearing a ring and a hungry expression, I have no scruples what so ever even having gone to the extent of taking a couple home and while the girl was sitting beside me, her husband being half-pissed in the back I have groped her and made a date for another day whilst he snored his bloody head off.

Just mention that your wife has run off with another man and watch their expressions change, that querying look, "Is he starving?," or "Is he queer?", but after the first date I have found that they always come back for more, you see, they have no competition to worry about, and believe me, they think that they are doing me a favour.

I'm not going to give my name and address, you see, it might be your Missus that I'm knocking off.

Dick, Coventry.

217

SWINGERS DIRECTORY

The biggest contact/direct contact media in Britain – nearly 2,000 adverts in each issue! Send £2 for the latest issue.

SD OFFER, 34, UPTON LANE,
LONDON E7
(Callers Welcome)

MARY MILLINGTON 'meets' EMANUELLE in the greatest sex double bill of all time!

"Come Play with Me" x

plus

Emanuelle meets the Wife Swoppers x

at these cinemas:

OXFORD ABC, 29th April.
MANSFIELD ABC, 29th May.
WALSALL ABC 29th April.
GLOUCESTER ABC, 29th April.
SWINDON ABC 29th April.
AYLESBURY Odeon 29th April.
QUINTON Classic 4, 2tth April.
WOLVERHAMPTON Odeon 3, 29th April.
COVENTRY Odeon 2, 29th April.
NOTTINGHAM Odeon 4, 29th April.
DERBY Odeon 3, 29th April.
LEICESTER Odeon 3, 29th April.
HANLEY Odeon 3, 29th April.

SELLY OAK Oak, 20th May.
DARLINGTON ABC 3, 17th May.
GLASGOW Odeon, Eglinton Toll 14th May.
AYR Odeon, 13th May.
PERTH Odeon, 14th May.
KILMARNOCK ABC 3, 13th May.
GREENOCK Odeon, 14th May.
ABERDEEN Odeon 3, 13th May.
PAISLEY Kilburne 3, 13 May.

BE ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE TO SEE THE SEX FILM OF THE YEAR

AND MEET IN PERSON MARY MILLINGTON

Confessions from THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

BRITAIN'S FIRST BLUE FILM!

You probably read a lot about CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR – it's guaranteed to be the biggest sex film this year. It features four top sex symbols (e.g. Mary Millington, Rosemarie England, Diane Dream, Debbie Delight) plus a super cast (e.g. Diana Dors, Bernie Winters, Allan Lake, Kenny Lynch, Anthony Booth...) PLUS a host of top beauties (e.g. Miss Birmingham, Miss Bournemouth), be one of the first people to see this superb and sizzling sex spectacular AND MEET BRITAIN'S NUMBER ONE SEX SYMBOL IN PERSON – MARY MILLINGTON (plus other top actresses from the film) who will be making a national tour to promote CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR and giving away FREE autographed photos to everyone going to see the film.

SEE 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' AND MEET MARY MILLINGTON IN PERSON.

Confessions from THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

IS SHOWING IN THESE TOWNS, at the cinemas listed, from the specified dates – for a short season – and Mary's personal appearances are listed:

LONDON: Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus from Thursday June 28th, personal appearance June 28th.

BLACKPOOL: Studio Cinema from July 5th, personal appearance on July 5th (all day)

GT. YARMOUTH – Empire Cinema, Late night shows only, from July 5th. Personal appearances on July 6th (late night show)

(MORE VENUES AND CINEMAS TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THIS SPACE **NEXT** MONTH

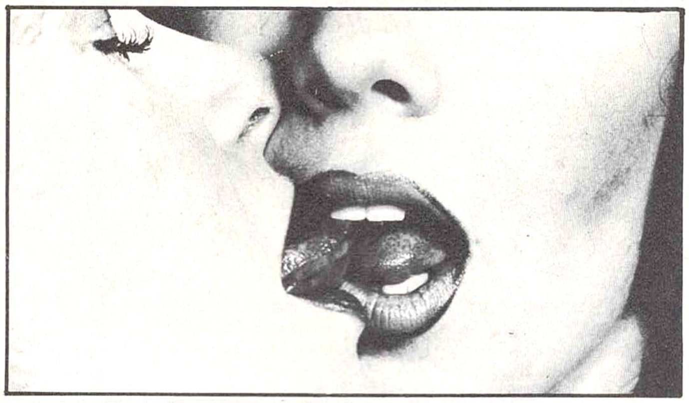
Confessions from THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

BRITAIN'S FIRST PORNO MOVIE

386

TWO GREAT SEX FILMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

See Mary Millington (and Rosemarie England) as Scandinavia's top Blue Film Stars, in 'QUEEN OF THE BLUES' PLUS The full facts about what really goes on in Bangkok's RED Light district in 'MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK' – Two great films for the price of one!



MARY MILLINGTON PLAYS SWEDEN'S TOP BLUE MOVIE STAR IN:

QUEEN OF THE BLUES

Starring: MARY MILLINGTON
ROSEMARIE ENGLAND
FAITH FONTAYNE

***QUEEN OF THE BLUES** is a sex film in every meaning of the word, though it does have a good story line.

***QUEEN OF THE BLUES** is set in a sex club and deals with the sex lives of the performers and the members.

***QUEEN OF THE BLUES** brings to the screen EVERY form of sexual behaviour, never before seen outside cinema clubs.

IF YOU'VE NEVER VISITED A SEX CLUB YOU'LL WANT TO SEE 'QUEEN OF THE BLUES'.

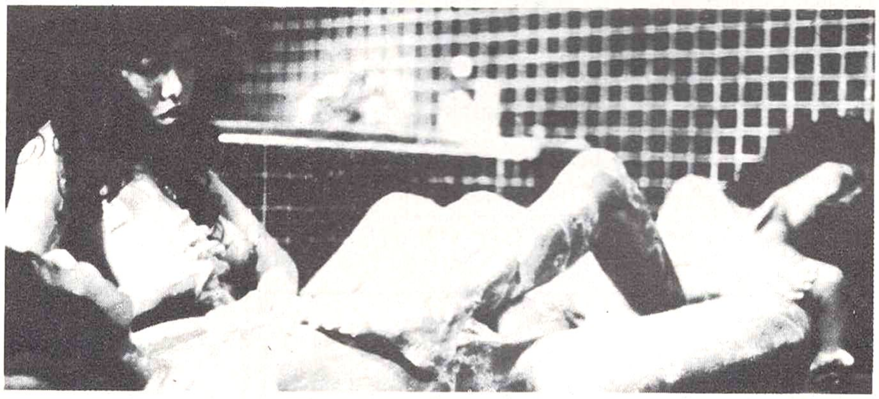
PLUS:

MASSAGE GIRLS IN BANGKOK

MADE ENTIRELY IN ENGLISH

MASSAGE GIRLS IN B'KOK

THE MINICAT PRODUCTION
present



THIS FILM IS BANNED IN THAILAND!

IF YOU'VE EVER VISITED A MASSAGE PARLOUR DON'T MISS THIS FILM!

HOW CAN YOU SEE THIS GREAT DOUBLE BILL – TWO GREAT FILMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

SHOWING at the Centa Cinema, Piccadilly, ((Piccadilly Circus end) from JULY 26th AND Studio Cinema, BLACKPOOL from August 2nd (phone the cinema for confirmation of this date, which is only provisional – phone BLACKPOOL (STD Code 0253) 25957).

404

LONDON'S BEST SEX SUPERMARKET

228 Green Street, Forest Gate, London E.7.

This advertisement contains a special selection from the many thousands of items available at London's best and most competitive sex supermarket. You can order via our reputable Mail Order service that is both fast and confidential OR call in person at 228 Green Street. (Turn left on exit from Upton Park Tube Station on the District Line. 2 minutes walk. Open till 5.30pm weekdays, 8.00pm Thurs., 3.30pm Sats.)

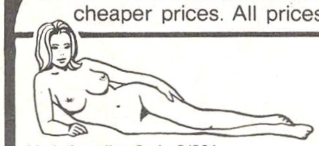
You can also call at our North West London stockists-Club Sophisticate Bookshop, 184 Eversholt St. NW1. Open till 8.00pm Mon-Fri. Sat (6.00pm). 1 minute from Mornington Crescent Tube on the Northern Line.

South Coast Shoppers Our aids are available at our apptd agents in Southampton – The Private Shop 103 St Mary's St.

ALL personal purchasers will receive a special FREE GIFT if they bring this advertisement with them.

QUALITY AIDS

Our aids are the finest available, all designed to improve sexual satisfaction and enjoyment. You can order with the confidence that they really work and are manufactured to the highest quality standards. We will not stock the inferior products, sold by others at cheaper prices. All prices include V.A.T. and carriage.



Linda Lovelips Code 2/201
The most famous of our range. Fully equipped with '3 holes for pleasure'. Yes, a mouth, vagina and anus – and with Linda you can have your very own deep throat. Dress her up, play with her, take her to bed and she will never say no.
JUST £19.95

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Carol has most of the assets of the £150.00 doll but will cost you less than a third of that. You can run your fingers through her hair, feel her soft 'flesh like' vinyl covering – she comes equipped with sexy nightie and her own special cream. Try Carol at the amazingly low price of
JUST £32.75

ORGASMO Electric Vagina **Code 3/203**
The Orgasmo electric vagina is as good as the real thing, and in feel, shape and size it looks like the real thing but never says no.
We guarantee that this machine will bring any man to orgasm in under three minutes. Don't confuse 'Orgasmo' with inferior models. The 'Orgasmo' is made of solid rubber and is washable. We normally charge £30.00 but at the moment we are offering them for
JUST £21.95

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Tests show that the Penis Developer, if used on a regular basis, really increased the size of your penis! It has added over 2" to the length of some men AND it increased the diameter as well. Just think about the stunning effect it would have on your wife, girl friends or pick-ups. This item is GUARANTEED to add to your size if you use it regularly **JUST £16.50**
SPECIAL GROWTH DEVELOPER WITH BUILT-IN VIBRATOR £27.00 Code 3/205

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If you can't be bothered to exercise your penis to increase its size here is a quick way you can increase its length by several inches. Just wear the Dick Extension – see the effect it has on your wife or girl friends. Also acts as a contraceptive. Made of penis-like material. Washable. **JUST £4.00**

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Easy to use, bound to work
ACTION SPRAY Code 2/207 Assists erection and restores life to fallen members.
DELAY SPRAY Code 2/208 Overcomes problems of premature ejaculation and helps you go on and on. Large container of either **2/207** or **2/208** **JUST £3.00**
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Super shaped, high speed dildo for the thrustful lover.
More satisfying than she could ever hope for.
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Strap-on Cocky – the Giant Dildo. Complete with a harness this can be worn by any man to give his mate a REAL shock! Larger than the average penis – more than satisfies any woman.
Washable, life-like rubber.
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These stimulators are worn on the male organ – thus ensuring both partners orgasm during intercourse. A real turn-on for the female because even women who find it difficult to reach a climax cannot fail to be aroused by the soft caress that these stimulators achieve on the clitoral area. They are all washable and can be used over and over again. Turn your wife or girl friend into a sex fiend.
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Each pack contains:-
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- *** WEEKEND**
- *** PRIVATE**
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Each magazine is packed cover to cover with pure sex, amazing close ups of duos, trios and orgies in action – Real action.
SUPER SATISFACTION – SCAN SAMPLER PACK Code 1/101
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COLOUR CLIMAX

PORNO FILMS

LIVE SHOW Code CC1188/2
A full action movie with plenty of genital close-ups.
SEX LUST Code CC1197/2
A beautiful, blond beds a stream of lusty well endowed guys.
PUSSYCAT Code 302/2
A classic porno movie featuring really hot duo action.
PUSSYCAT 2 Code 317/2
Troilism at it's best – some really hard shots make this film a must.
Colour: Any 3 for £59 or £21 each
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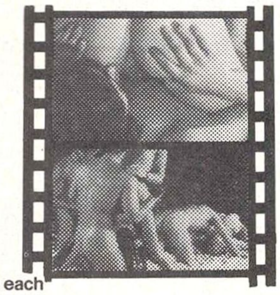

MAIL ORDER FORM

To: Mail Order Dept XY 228 Green Street, London, E7.
Please send me your full range brochure AND the following items (please write Code No.) I enclose £ ________

ITEM	ITEM

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Address ________

I am over 18

Orders accepted on plain paper if preferred. Please allow extra time for delivery if paying by cheque.

399

228 GREEN STREET, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7

MANDY

Each month in this section we bring you photographs of one of the top, up and coming actresses from Britain, Holland, Germany, Sweden, Denmark or America. These are the best looking up and coming FILM STARLETS. This section is devoted to the up and coming Mandy from West Germany. She has just made her British screen debut in the very controversial sex comedy 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR'. The latter is a really superb sex comedy that will appeal to men and women alike. It revolves around the sexcapades of friendly con-man and astrologer David Galaxy. This film will really appeal to all readers named David, (or any readers with friends or relations named David) – as they'll really be able to associate with the character.

'Confessions from The David Galaxy Affair' is a really big budget sex extravaganza, and it's both erotic and funny. This unique combination of humour and explicitness allows the film to get away with showing really strong sequences without being offensive, in this way the film becomes sexy, but acceptable. 'Confessions from The David Galaxy Affair' will appeal to both sexes, so we urge you to take your wife or girlfriend to see it; it's guaranteed to turn BOTH sexes on! David Galaxy is the man every man would like to be – he's not that good looking, but by cunning, charm and using his brain and his wits, he manages to bed most of the women he meets. Galaxy has made love to over 5,000 different women – he shows you how to do it in 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR', you'll be a different man after you've seen this film! God help any girl you go out with, with all the new techniques David Galaxy will show you, she'll be no match for you! So if you want to improve your sex pulling power and see more of the very lovely Mandy featured here, (although we would point out that these are not stills from the film), then we urge you to look out for 'CONFESSIONS FROM THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR', showing from June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus: see this months editorial for full information. Because of its very explicit nature, this film will not be showing nation-wide, so look out for it – if it comes to a cinema within 100 miles of where you live, we urge you to travel to see it! Magazine fans who'd like to see more of Mandy, will be pleased to know that there is a large colour set of her, (and very naughty too, we might add), in the new 100 page, colour, all sex magazine 'ROMP'. So why don't you do a little 'ROMPING' and meet the 'ROMPING' girls that it features? ROMP is available from the newsagent who sold you this magazine, just £1, (in case of difficulty, send £1.10 for a sample of Romp, mail order, or £12.00 for a subscription, to: Romp Magazine, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.).

WHITEHOUSE

STILL GOING STRONG

WHITEHOUSE
LEICESTER'S HARDCORE GIRL
WANTON WEDDING NIGHT

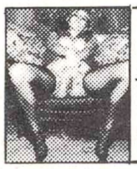
Whitehouse is without doubt the strongest *Colour* magazine on sale in Britain. Its increased readership bears this out. Whitehouse the regular magazine that you can subscribe to and the even stronger Whitehouse Specials are the only genuine *Hardcore* products available. Whitehouse sells for 85p – still a good price as we believe regular good quality genuine hardcore should not be priced out of the majority of people's reach – it's available from the newsagent who sold you this magazine; there are also six Whitehouse Specials that are even stronger and sell for £1.00 each – the latter are only available from a few selected shops around Britain as they are so very very strong.

WHITEHOUSE MAGAZINE

Just 85p

Whitehouse compares favourably with the strong Scandanavian mags (e.g. Colour Climax, Private, Eros + Erox that sell for at least £5.00each). It contains 100 Colour packed pages in each issue with colour spreads on all sorts of subjects.The latest issues contain6 great colour spreads.

Rosemarie England


1. PORNO ACTION
Close up sperm and stretch techniques from a young couple to a group of gang bang freaks.

2. MASTURBATION DANISH STYLE
All the spunky colour close ups

3. VIBRO GANG BANG
The gang's all here - trying all sizes from the 4 inch "nipper"to the 17 inch"jumbo".

4. SWAPPING ORGY
The entire gamut of perverted sex, too strong (forsome!) to be described here.

5. ORAL ORGY
Couples, threes and fours sucking with actual come-in-the-mouth closeups.

6. TEENAGE SEX PARTY
The youngest girls take the hugest cocks in a special extravaganza.

Whitehouse also contains regular photospreads on Britain's leading sex symbols like *Mary Millington* (Star of the incredible sex movie – *The Playbirds,* which is showing at the *Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill St, Soho,* the hottest movie on General Release) and *New Superstar Rosemarie England* (featured here) the hottest girl in sex mags (soon to be featured in new explicit sex movie *'The David Galaxy Affair'* – look out for it at a cinema near you soon!). Whitehouse, its got the lot, just 85p (or £1.00 Mail Order) or better still subscribe and receive a *Free* W/A action mag – just £9.00.

HOW TO ORDER

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EAST LONDON – The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, E.7. Two minutes Forest Gate B.R. Stn., two stops from Liverpool St. or ten minutes, Upton Park District Line tube. 9.30-6 p.m. (Wed. 8 p.m., Sat 3.45 p.m.)

SOUTH LONDON – The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Rd., Norbury, S.W.16. One minute Norbury Stn., 15 minutes Victoria by B.R. 9.30-6 p.m. (Wed. 8 p.m. Sat. 3.45 p.m.)

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A huge negro and ravishing blonde ejaculate simultaneously over one another – the quantity of love juice would make Niagra Falls envious.

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Features all the pimp's girls, the variety in looks, actions, styles and sizes is amazing.

3. BLUE FILM STAR

She is the star of any film, her ability to contort herself make some terrific close up flap shots with unusual object/vaginal penetration.

4. LUST HOTEL

The hotel maids in uniform perform group masturbation and self masturbation with vibros, cucumbers and an assortment of disappearing objects.

5. HEALTH FARM ORGY

An amazingly healthy guy with a 12" penis and an equally accommodating lady who takes it all between the legs and in the mouth.

6. SWEDISH PORNO EXPOSÉ

Orgasm, oral sex and massage everywhere, an incredible group sequence that surpasses anything you've ever seen.

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A FINAL WARNING

As these products come to you exactly as described, for your personal entertainment – they are *Frank,* they are *Explicit,* they are *Unretouched and Uncensored.* The Penis, the tongue and even the fist is seen penetrating the vagina – *BUT* it is most definitely *NOT* our intention to solicit orders from persons easily shocked or offended.

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Whitehouse Specials 1☐ 2☐ 3☐ 4☐ 5☐ 6☐ All 6 for £5.50 inc. p + p. Any 3 for £2.90 or £1.00 each (Mail Order £1.20)

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Recent advances in printing techniques have made it possible to reproduce colour from just one original and we therefore no longer have to worry about containers getting into the UK from Europe. We can now give guaranteed delivery of Scandinavian porn. The first batch available is listed here. Buy with confidence and note the bulk buy reductions.

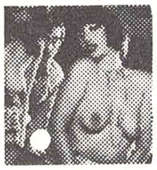
EVERY BOOK CONTAINS OVER 150 NEARLY ALL ACTION COLOUR PAGES!

£3 each, any three for £6, all eight for just £12

A. DANISH BOTTLE PARTY

The bottles are not used just for drinking from at this party. They are soon deeply embedded in various damp pussies. Fantastic close up shots and lots of lesbian photo action- including fist ducking!

B. THE VIRGINS



Their virginity lasts two pages as numerous throbbing erections rupture one hymen after another. Plenty of actual penetrations and vagina shots with après intercourse and oral action. See the spunk fly in 'The Virgins'.

C. SWEDISH ORGY TIME

Three beautiful girls seduce Danny—they bend, stroke, smack and suck his giant member till it overflows over their faces, then all three fight for the right to take his endless seed.

D. EROTIC ESCORTS

Every hole filled—let none go to waste is the moral of this book, proving that three into one will go! Double vibro shots that make you wonder—how can something so big penetrate the gentle female flesh so far?

E. SCANDINAVIAN HOLIDAY HOTEL

The maids join the guests in trios, group & lesbian scenes. The randy, well endowed Arab shows his prowess and the maids show their appreciation with lots of licking & sucking. Actual penetration (mouth & vagina) shots.

F. VIKING SEX

See oral photos of two girls on one giant cock and see it overflow all over the place and eventually into their grateful steaming slippery pussies.

G. SEX SHOP PARTY

Everything is available in a sex shop and everything is on view in this photo session. Lots of licking, nibbling and orgasms—actual fucking, sucking, thumbing, fist ducking . . .

H. MASSAGE DANISH STYLE

A massage parlour with the added bonus of naughty young girls. Real hard core action. Lots of cock sucking, group oral orgasm, and pussy licking shots.

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1. Mail Order—send money and completed coupon to KJ Books, 228 Green Street, London E7.
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a) 228 Green Street, E7 (Open 10am-6pm Thurs 8pm, Sat 3.45pm) 3 minutes from Upton Park Tube
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A. Danish bottle party ☐
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£3 each, any three for £6, all eight for just £12.

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The **ULTIMATE** Sex Aid for all men. The new 'supercharged' male masturbating (battery-powered) Unit will give you orgasms after orgasms, the like of which you will rarely experience with a woman. The male organ is inserted into a sleeve (shaped like the female vagina), the vibro motor is then switched on and the male is brought to a speedy exhilerating Climax. Ideal for use by a female on a male, or the male by himself. Standard US army issue. 100% guaranteed. Just £12.50 (Post Free). Order your masturbater by calling in at our shop or by filling in the coupon below – we will despatch your order by return.

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(2) CALL IN PERSON AT:
i) SOUTH LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16. Just one minute from NORBURY Station (15 mins. from Victoria by B.R.)
ii) EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E.7. (just two minutes from Forest Gate B.R. station – two stops from Liverpool St.), or ten minutes from UPTON PARK district line tube.
BOTH shops are open 9.30am-6.00pm weekdays, 9.30am-3.45pm Sats. Late night Wednesday until 8.00pm.

Please send me a new supercharged male masturbating unit. I enclose £12.50.

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Just two minutes from Piccadilly Circus
10am-10pm Mon-Sat 2 pm-10pm Sunday

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WARNING: This product should be administered only with the full permission of both partners.

Sample pack £2; Large Pack £5.

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Please send me (tick):
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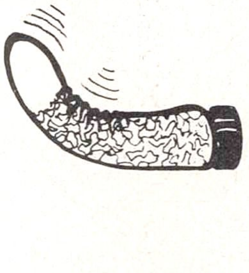
THE 'NEW' DE LUXE 'FLEXIBLE' RUBBER VIBRATOR



Positively the finest vibrator on sale in Britain – guaranteed to turn on Men and Women alike! This product can be used at all angles – straight or bent.

LIFE LIKE – LIFE SIZE.
The 'Flexible Vibrator in super-soft rubber latex and sold for up to £12! **BUT** our price JUST £5.95.

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LORNA

SHE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL – SHE'S A COVER GIRL

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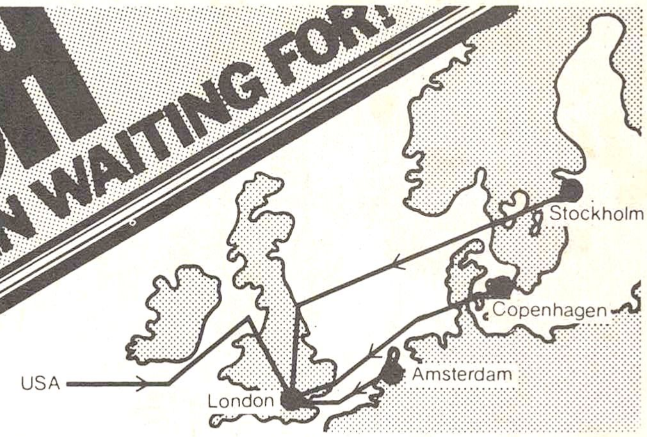

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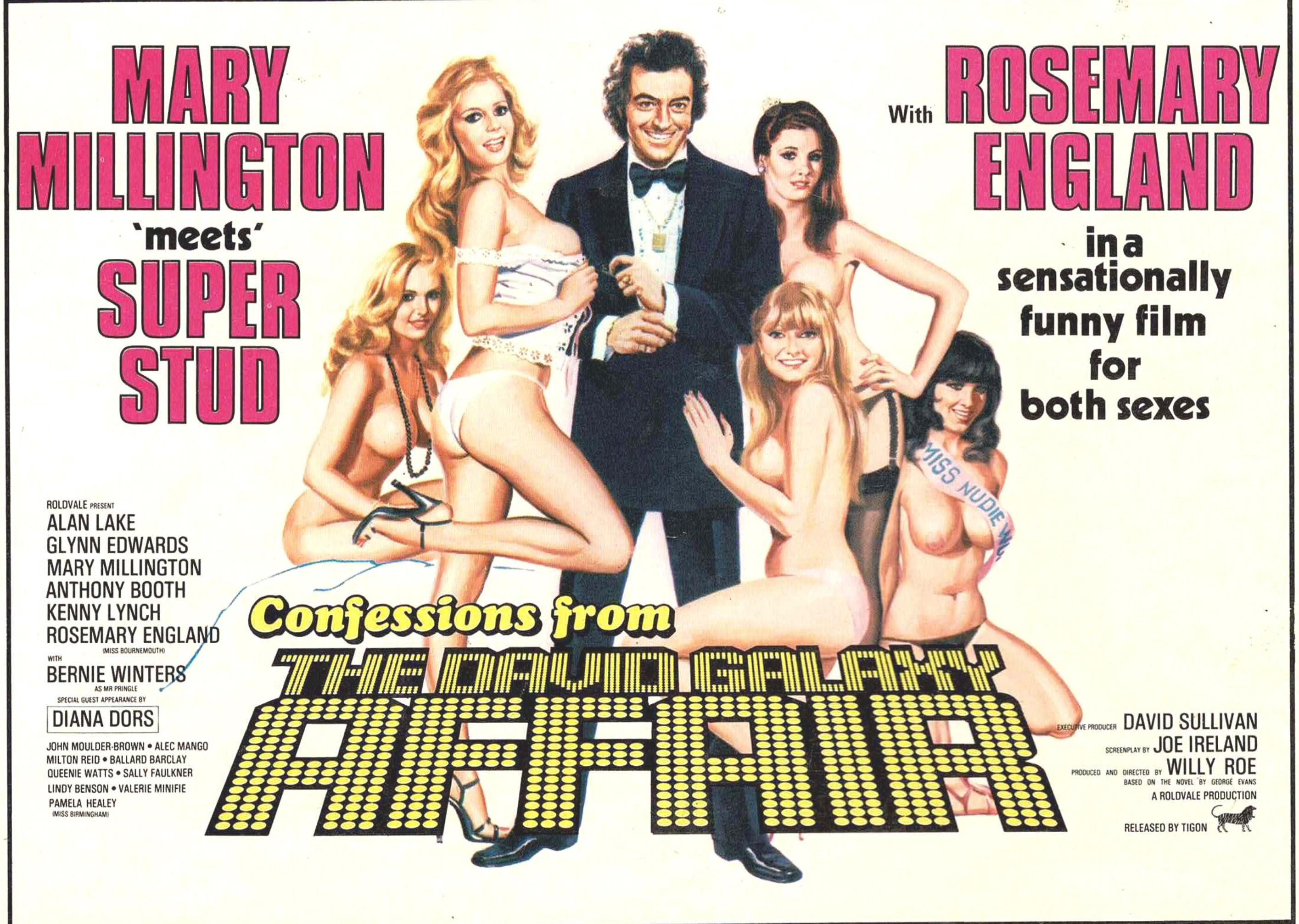

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